

The Laurel Wreath

(A MEMORIAL.)

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By the Late MELVYN B. MILLER.

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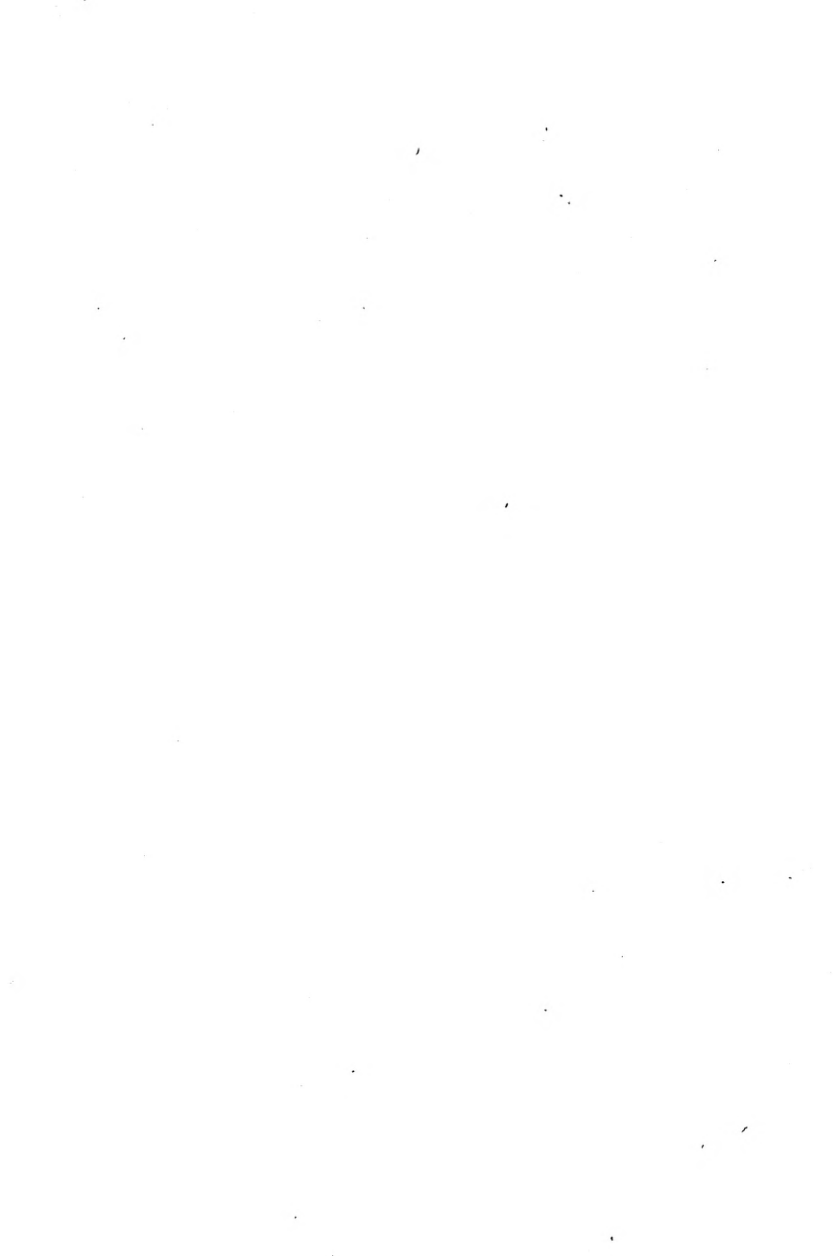
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





W.M.B. May 20, 1870

"The Laurel Wreath"

(A MEMORIAL.)



By the Late MELVYN B. MILLER.



To Melvyn in Heaven, this little book
Of her own poems is dedicated.
Sweet Spirit; unto thee,
This little book I here present;
Thou wert God's gift to me.
Not given only lent.
Thine own dear little verse;
Thy Poems sweet and rare
To the cold world I now disperse
Guard them with angel care.—Mama.

PREFACE.

MELVYN B. MILLER "entered into rest" November 30, 1898, in the 21st year of her age; what she might have been with her rare talents and pure lovely nature, is only conjecture. To what she was, we, her friends, who knew and loved her, add our loving testimony, one of the sweetest, brightest blossoms, ever smitten by the ruthless hand of death; I do **not** intend at present to give a resume of her life: the task is too painful. I have been actuated in my choice for a title to this book, by a message coming to me through her cousin, a brilliant clairvoyant of Chicago. I will quote the words of her cousin: "On December 13, 1898, Melvyn entered my room bearing a *laurel* wreath, she wrote 'Mama to Melvyn.' Thinking I had misunderstood her, and that she meant, 'Melvyn to Mama,' for I know the power of the spirits to bring about on the earth plane certain issues, I questioned her. Is it not 'Melvyn to Mama?' 'No,' she replied, 'Mama to Melvyn, Mama will have Melvyn's works published.' " I give this as her cousin sent it to me; but at that time I did not know that I could have her little writings published.

I beg the critics to spare this little book: to remember how young the writer was, when called upon to lay down her pen, and go up higher; had her life been prolonged, she might have done work worthy of criticism, but now 'tis finished.

She sleeps without one thought of care,
 Beneath the blossoming clover;
Her presence sweet, her talents rare,
 Her life's dear dream is over.

FLORENCE WELCH MILLER.

BALTIMORE. April 12th, 1899.

MELVYN B. MILLER'S VISION.

My darling Melvyn had been ill a long time with the terrible fever that burned her sweet life away. One evening in particular, when her sufferings were unusually severe: she sank into a blissful state. "I will tell you," she said, "the way to Paradise: you walk over sharp stones that cut your feet, and rough hot cinders, that burn and blister them: the way is very awful, and you feel, O, so badly, until you come to a river, then you lie down in it: 'tis very shallow, the waves are soft and warm: they feel so good to your poor tired body and aching feet: they bear you gently over and over till you reach the other side! Here is a high green bank. Oh! the grass is so cool and sweet, such lovely grass: how like soft velvet it feels to your feet: why the grass back there in that dark little earth, which I have just left, is nothing but hard, coarse straw compared with this. Now I have climbed the bank: there is a wide green meadow for me to cross, O, how sweet and cool the grass is, the same lovely kind which grows beside the river: I am over the meadow now; here is another river, which I must cross! O, how dark and dreadful! and here is such a fearful looking bridge, but I am not afraid, for on the other side of the bridge I see a bright light. I think this side must be death; that side must be life. Now I am on the bridge. Now I am almost over, it grows lighter, I am over, here is another bank for me to climb, covered with soft, green, grass, just like the first bank beyond the dark river. What a sweet place, I will sit here and rest beneath the shade of these trees: O, these wonderful trees, what magnificent leaves, what delicious fruit, they must be the trees of life, for they stand all along the banks of the river: what a lovely place! what beautiful hills and plains! what pure refreshing air. I feel rested, and I think I will go onward now.

O! there are two angels ! How glorious ! What great, splendid, dazzling, white wings, and what long, shining hair ! O, I never dreamed the angels were so lovely. They smiled on me as they passed me. Well, I have been all over this beautiful place and I am not tired. You can walk all day here and not get weary ; but there is no night here--the day lasts forever.

O! I can never be done speaking of the beauties of this place : these grand forests, hills and valleys, this soft, pure air--why, 'tis joy supreme to be living here, and the flowers, these bright, living gems, so different from the flowers we thought so lovely back there in that mean, dark little earth, which shines like a dull spark far away.

I haven't been up to the temple yet ; but One came and led me up to the great White Throne. O! how lovely that throne is ; so superbly white--no marble on earth is so fine and white. I asked God why He had called me away from earth ; why He had taken me from my mamma, and He said, "I thought it best, my child : " then He gave me a beautiful harp, and I shall praise him when I go up into the temple.

I have just met two more angels, so lovely with their great, dazzling wings : we are like angels, only *we* don't have wings ; but our walking resembles flying, we float so easily along.

Well, I have been here a long time ; I think I will go down to the river and sit on the bank beneath the shade of the trees of life, and watch for my earth friends, for 'tis time for some one to come. Why there comes mamma over the bridge. O! mamma, I am so glad to see you. Sit down beside me here on this soft, green grass, and rest under these lovely trees : they are the trees of life ; look at the different fruit and the splendid leaves. I have been waiting for you, mamma, and am so glad that you have come : when you are rested I will take you all over this beautiful place.

Well, I have been here a long, long time. Mamma has been here a long while, but not so long as I have. She has gone out to gather some flowers and I am here again by the river to watch the bridge, for some of our earth friends are coming. But there comes mamma over the hill. What a lovely bouquet she has gathered. I will run and get a glass of water to put her flowers in; but I forgot, the flowers don't die here like the poor little earthly flowers; no matter how many you gather they never die.

Look! mamma, there comes papa over the bridge. O! papa, how glad we are to see you. Mamma and I have been watching for you for a long while. Now we will be so happy together.

Well, I have been here a long, long time. Mamma has been here a long while, but not so long as I have: papa has been here but a short while: he and mamma are gone to take a walk, and I sit in the old sweet place to watch the bridge again. O! here comes dear little Orvie, but he is not little now, he is a big man. O! Orvie, how glad I am to see you; how glad papa and mamma will be, and how you have grown. Come, I will take you to papa and mamma. They will show you all over this beautiful place.

Grandpa, and Cousin Eddie, and Alice, and a number of our earth friends are here: but I have not met Dr. Gibson yet: but he is here, for I saw him come over the bridge. I think I will meet him when I go up into the temple, and it is now almost time.

Here her vision faded, and she cried out, "O, am I back on earth again; O, why did I have to come back, why could I not stay," and her sufferings were renewed again.

As far as my memory serves me, this account of her vision is correct. I have tried hard to use only her own expressions: some things that she said I have not written, because they have become confused in my mind, and I only wrote what I really remembered her to say. Written by request of a friend.

F. W. M.

THE KING'S QUEST.

The king sat up in the palace tower;
It was old and gray, moss-grown and grim,
And bathed in the light of the summer day—
A day as sweet as a tender hymn.

The king gazed out from the window's height,
Over the land and wide range of sea;
While he mused as kings and all men muse;
Of the time that is, and the time to be.

He thought "now the castle is strong and high,
But the day shall come that lays it low,
And the winds shall waft its dust away;
E'en its very memory must go.

There down by the shore scant ruins are,
'Twas a fortress great in times gone by.
'Tis naught to-day but a heap of stones,
Crumbling away 'neath the smiling sky.

It is gone and shall never again return;
It is spent with all its power and pride;
O, the little pomp and sway of man!
All drowned and sunk in a turning tide.

There arose from a temple a cloud of smoke,
Thin as a veil, but with incense sweet;
The air was laden with its perfume,
As when the rose and violet meet.

“They are burning incense to the Gods,”
 Said the watching king with thoughtful brow;
 “Oh silent Gods! do you hear the voice
 That suppliant pleads before you now?”

They are wood and stone—the priests have said
 They hearken and help the earnest cry
 But, ah! the sky with its changeful clouds
 Will behold the gods of our worship die.

There sounded a pitiful little note,
 And a downward flutter of failing wing
 And a dying, gasping, panting bird,
 Lay there in the hands of the startled king.

Poor little songster, whose song is done,
 Poor silent harp with the torn spent strings
 A life lived out on this beauteous day,
 When every bird in the forest sings.

So full of life but an hour ago,
 Singing with joy, and now mute in death;
 Brown pulseless breast and dull dim eye,
 And feathers stirred by the light wind's breath.

The king rose troubled, he sought the shore,
 Pacing up and down with footsteps slow,
 He saw not the beauty of the land,
 He heard not the waves in their sounding flow.

Then along the sands there came a child
 But her head was bent, her tears fell fast;
 'Twas a sight unmeet for so sweet a day
 When it seemed that all sorrow should be past.

Short ringlets as shining as the sun,
 And tearful eyes like violets wet,
 And rosy lips trembling in distress ;—
 On the shore the king and maiden met.

“O, why are you weeping, child, fair child?”
 Asked the king as he passed in his slow pace :
 “Why are you weeping? No child should wear
 In youth and summer a woeful face.”

“Ah, but yesterday, my lord the king,
 Such a happy little maid was I !
 I played and sang with the merry birds,
 For I had no cause to grieve or sigh.

In all the kingdom so wide and fair,
 No gladder than I dwelt by the throne ;
 Alas, at the dawn of this fair day
 My father died—I am left alone.”

“Poor maid,” said the king, as his thoughts flew back ;
 To the ruined fortress, and dying bird ;
 And the gods that would one day fall and die ;
 He stood and mused with never a word.

Ah, the world is full of life and death,
 Ah, the world is full of death and life ;
 For behind the scenes fairest and bright
 Is played out the drama of time and strife.

The king returned to his palace halls,
 While the day rolled onward thro’ the noon ;
 “As all these things die, so I must die,
 And I and the gods know not how soon.”

Thro' his mind the deep thought surged and stayed,
 "I shall die, I shall die!" He found no rest.
 Ah, for a sage who is wise, good and great,
 Who could tell and teach how to die the best.

That dusky eve thro' the castle gates
 A courtier rode on a night black steed
 Over the green hills and out of sight—
 To seek the man that the king had need.

The long, golden summer waned and went—
 The snowflakes of winter, white crystals, fell—
 Then again the spring, full of life and sun.
 What of the herald? None came to tell.

The white buds blushing to cream and pink,
 Dropped in mock snow storms from laden trees ;
 Daisies stood up in the meadows to nod
 Their heads at touch of the playful breeze.

On day as fair as a day could be,
 Two horsemen came riding adown the slope ;
 The king watched their coming with eager eyes,
 In his heart was burning a fervent hope.

The king sat on his canopied throne,
 Around him his faithful courtiers stood,
 To hear the wisdom of other lands,
 To harken as men that are dying should.

The stranger was pale with a clear deep eye,
 And full of the majesty that God
 Bestows on the lives that seek to tread,
 The path that His loved ones ever trod.

In his hand he held a precious scroll,
 God's word to man sent from heaven high,
 'Neath the fading sky in the passing world,
 A most gracious gift, that shall never die.

The king and his nation heard the truth,
 Of the great good Father so sublime;
 Of the lasting enduring human soul;
 Of the hope that is more than age or time.

And when one day in the Autumn late,
 The people mourned their beloved king—
 No sightless idols were near his tomb.
 No doleful singers were there to sing.

But they spoke in reverent quiet tones
 Of the good he had wrought, of his deeds so high,
 And truest of all the words they spoke,
 Were these, "he was not afraid to die."

TO MY AUNT, ON THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE SON.

My darling one was dying, little Roy,
 Whose rosy mouth was like a constant kiss;
 A crystal fountain bubbling o'er with joy—
 His baby ways, so full of perfect bliss.

And he lay dying—skill did naught to save;
 My will, not thine, O, Father, cried my heart;
 How could I hide him in the cruel grave?
 How could I from my little sunshine part?

But angels took him, heeding not my cries,
 While pitying looking on my soul's despair,
 A brighter star than any in the skies
 They bore him to the Savior over there.

Since I have learned to say : " Thy will, not mine ! "
 For I have wandered further on thro' life;
 Have seen the serpent neath the rose entwined,
 In heaven is joy, but ever here is strife.

Years have flown by with wings both strong and fleet,
 Time has brought mirth, or leaden footed care,
 But now I thank thee, Father, it is sweet,
 The child is safe from sorrow over there.

And on that bright and beatific shore,
 He waits with sinless eyes of purity;
 While thou art waiting, longing more and more,
 With God and thy own darling safe to be.

MEMORIAL ODE.

Many have written tender songs,
 Of noble deeds, of warriors dying:
 They've told of our brave soldiers' wrongs
 On southron battle-fields once lying.

They bring their flowers sweet and rare;
 The choicest of all nature's showing,
 Bright roses and pure lillies fair
 Upon our soldiers graves are strewing.

I, too, would sing a little song;
 Though all unheard would tell their story,
 Memorial day still brings along,
 The solemn echoes of their glory.

I'd bring some flowers small and sweet,
 A few pale wildwood blossoms only;
 And lay them at our soldiers' feet,
 Upon the grass grown mounds so lonely.

The years have fled; as a meteor bright
 That flashes on the brow of even,
 And leaves a long white track of light
 Then fades within the blue of heaven.

The years have fled, the mounds grow more,
 The lamp of life is lower burning,
 Our soldiers brave are passing o'er,
 The river whence there's no returning.

Soon loving hands will make the grave;
 And heap the mound in quiet sadness,
 Of the last one who fought to save,
 Our country, and restore her gladness.

They are lying now in ranks and rows,
 On every hill, in every valley,
 They saved our country from her foes;
 And now they meet in silent rally.

Like myriad stars that in glory stand,
 The deeds of heroes shine before us;
 While the praise of all that valiant band,
 Goes up to God in one grand chorus.

God guard their sleep, while o'er their dust,
 O'er silent mounds in which they're lying,
 Floats the emblem of the free and just
 The flag they hallowed with their dying.

WHAT THE WIND SANG.

One summer evening the fairies Thought and Fancy carried me far away to the home of the wind. There I heard his deep voice mingling in conversation with the soft lisping tones of his children, the Breezes; for the entire family was assembled in his castle, so it was small wonder that the outside world was hot and sultry. "Father, tell us a story," presently said Seabreeze, one of his tall sons. "A story in song!" cried his fair daughter, Zephyr. The Wind assented, and in tones like the notes of a great melodious organ, he began—

Once dwelt in Egypt's ancient land a king
 Famed for his wisdom and his princely heart.
 'Twas centuries ago, ere years had laid
 Their finger on the warm lips of the past,
 And made them mute. Ere the great, silent Sphinx,
 Still as the ages, raised its massive head,
 And stared with stony eyes across the land.
 The people loved their king; his constant care
 Was that his reign should be of truth and good.
 He had a daughter, lovely as is night
 Star-crown'd and flooded by the silver moon.
 Her eyes were dark and beautiful; their depths
 Reflected the clear crystal of her soul;
 Now hope—joy—love, but ever purity.
 Her name was Lota. Often when the sun
 Went out in glory through the western gates,
 Her white-robed figure with attendant maids,
 Was seen to wander by the sacred Nile.
 And much as all his people loved their king
 They loved their darktressed, darkeyed princess more.
 The king fell ill one day, and every heart

Saddened at thought that one so good must die:
 For speaking not, and still as one long dead,
 The great king lay, and answered not the voice,
 The sweet young voice that ever made him glad.
 The princess Lota rose; with rapid steps,
 Betook her to an ancient, hallowed shrine,
 Where speaking from her tender burdened heart,
 She prayed the gods to spare her father's life.
 In answer to her prayer, a solemn voice
 Broke through the stillness: "Wouldst thou spare his life
 Daughter of Egypt, thou must give thine own!"
 She sought again the chamber where he lay
 In death-like sleep, and pressed one farewell kiss
 Upon his brow, then flitting out once more,
 She sought the border of the rushing Nile.
 With lovely face raised to the evening sky,
 There Egypt's royal princess stood alone
 And ne'er more queenly, or more beautiful.
 It was the hour of sun-set; every wave
 That rose and dimpled on the river's breast
 Caught fire from the splendor in the sky.
 "Day, thou hast been both long and sad," she cried,
 "And let me leave this rosy world with thee!"
 Then with one prayer, she plunged into the deep,
 Cool waters, and was lost to mortal sight,
 And all was silent, save the river's song.
 Within the great king's chamber, quiet dwelt,
 And Death seemed waiting just without the door,
 To enter in, and take his voiceless reign.
 When lo! the king rose suddenly and spoke;
 "The gods have told me in a dream," he said,
 "I die not; but, alas, that this should be!
 My daughter's life they asked instead of mine."

Then grief fell on the kingdom, and the king ;
 Grief, like a gloomy cloud that hides the stars ;
 While long and sadly was the princess mourned.
 But lo ! where she had yielded up her life,
 A strange new flower rose above the tide,
 And rested on the bosom of the Nile,
 Like one fair star upon the evening's breast.
 And so was Egypt's mystic lotus born.

The Wind ceased and all his children applauded, for the story pleased them.

"Now I must away to the ocean, father," said Seabreeze, and with a "farewell!" he was gone. Then Zephyr went to kiss the flowers while they slept, and Summer-breeze departed for the south. One by one they went, until all had disappeared except the Wind himself. Presently he, too, made ready for a journey, and all was lonely and quiet in his castle hall.

SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1898.

(Written when very ill.)

Lone and impatient I went wandering down,
 My stony path;
 Wounded in heart my weary feet seemed set,
 On thorns of wrath.

Out of the death like silence, and the gloom,
 Pale phantoms rose;
 And mocking held before me all my dreams,
 Now changed to foes.

A voice more sweet than music's heavenly tones,
 Spoke suddenly,
 "Lo! I am with thee, patience, toiling child,
 Lean thou on me.

Trust all to me, for I am ever near,
 And do thy best;
 I trod the way, I know it's weariness,
 In me find rest."

The way hath yet its thorns, but I have balm
 God given peace;
 Content I am to tread my little way
 Until it cease.

GOOD-NIGHT—August 30th, 1898.

A little deep'ning of the long gray shadows,
 While faint and dying glows the golden light;
 A rain of dew upon the quiet meadows,
 Then the low murmured words good-night—
 Good night.

A little musing haply of dear faces
 Heart, shrined and longed for; the sad delight,
 Of seeing them in old familiar places;
 While voices softly say, good night—
 Good night.

A little dark'ning of the earthly shadows:
 A little dawning of the heavenly light;
 Then far away o'er the celestial meadows,
 Fall no sad echoes of good-night—
 Good night.

WAITING—August 29th, 1898.

I wait for the shadows,
 To darken the meadows;
 I wait for the gleaming to die in the west;
 And when day is over,
 Thro' seas of sweet clover,
 I wait for the dream that gives my heart rest.

Far better than beauty;
 Is doing your duty;
 The wise ones will tell you, and wise folks should know.
 ems to me fairest,
 ugh it is rarest,
 When beauty and duty together can go.

IN THE RAIN—September, 1898.

The dripping verdure in the lane,
 Shakes, casting down clear silver showers;
 I see amid the bending flowers,
 Storm beaten roses in the rain.

All tempest-tossed, they droop their heads,
 No more to rear them in the sun;
 Though ere the shower had begun,
 So fair they were sweet flower maids.

In this uncertain thing called life,
 Storms from the unseen hand of fate;
 Leave hearts like roses desolate,
 And crushed beneath too heavy strife.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Out of the depths of care and pain,
 Out of the great busy strife ;
 From the bitter storm and dashing rain,
 I call to the Lord of life.

Out from the waves that roll so high.
 Out from the dark nights mystic veil;
 When my bark is tossed from earth to sky,
 By the wild and wailing gale.

Out of the deep, Lord, yes to Thee!
 O, bid the tempest's fury cease!
 As the storm was calmed on Galilee;
 And my soul shall find thy peace.

HER LAST POEM—November 21st, 1898.

The stars come slowly one by one,
 Out in the dark, dark sky :
 Oh who can count each glittering sun,
 With keenest earthly eye.

Sometimes so deep the shadows grow,
 The soul affrighted falls ;
 Too weak to bear its load of woe,
 Or answer Heaven's calls.

Oh, tired soul, Oh, weary soul,
 This life is strange and wild ;
 Let heaven be our distant goal,
 Each, God's own blessed child.

Oh ! Savior, Savior who could tell,
 The wonders of thy grace ;
 What human heart that would not swell,
 With rapture at thy face.

O ! Jesus. Jesus, holy pure !
 I know what Thou hast borne ;
 The agony Thou didst endure,
 The wrong word, and the scorn.

I trust thy hand to guide me through,
 'Till the long night be past ;
 Thy presence will my soul embue,
 With joy unto the last.

We ask thy peace ; the only peace,
 Can calm the pain and strife ;
 And bid the troubled surging cease,
 Of the deep sea of life.

The hours are long, the morn is far,
 And every star is dim ;
 But soon beyond the highest star,
 I'll sing life's sacred hymn.

Now unto Thee who hold'st me,
 With love surpassing deep ;
 My spirit I resign to Thee,
 "And lay me down to sleep."

ROCKETS—July 5th, 1898.

Where is the rocket that soared so high,
And burst in the dark heart of the sky,

On the 4th of July?

Ah! Hissing snake with his fiery eye,

Ah! Sparkling balls of rainbow dye,
Spent like a sigh.

So seemeth it—a moralist I—

Some good folk are, for they too soar high,

In a limited sky.

That they're heard in the world none can deny,

And look quite brilliant *while* they fly,

And then—they die.

THE SEA.

O, sullen surging restless sea!

Beyond the bar

What white foam hands are clapped in glee,

In time to that strange melody

That sounds afar.

O'er the long stretch of sand and shore,

Up to the sky;

The voices mingle more and more

A half exultant hollow roar,

That cannot die.

O, sea last night the moon looked down
On calm and thee;
Full peaceful lay the little town,
The night put on a starry crown
At rest to be.

But ere the morning met the world,
Thy strength awoke;
White sprays of foam were skyward hurl'd,
Wild spirits of thine under world
Did storm invoke.

How mighty was the wrath O, sea,
That made thee thrill
Fair ships went down eternally
And strong men died in agony
At Thy stern will.

What nameless sepulchers are thine!
Thou holdest fast
And jealously beneath thy brine
The gleam of gold and jewels shine;
Thy store is vast.

Thus thou hast been, so shalt thou be,
Till time is fled—
Till from His awful majesty.
The voice of God shall speak to thee
“Give up thy dead.”

THE CHRIST CHILD.

(Dec. 22nd, 1897. At School)

The centuries go their silent way,
 While the world waits for Thee,
 And loving hearts look up, and say,
 When shall Thy kingdom be?
 The blessed reign of truth and peace,
 And heavenly purity.

O wondrously well favored land !
 That knew Thee long ago,
 With love we cannot understand,
 Thou cam'st to us below,—
 A holy child, whose very Name
 Can life and light bestow.

A glorious star led kings to Thee,
 To worship at thy shrine ;
Their royal gifts were meet and free—
 So may I offer mine.
 Poor in its worth, but strong in faith—
 Lord, let our hearts be thine.

EDGAR—June 27th, 1892.

Four times Spring's dewy wealth has deigned,
 To set the meadows all in tune ;
 Four times the Summer sun has reigned,
 King of the rose-wreathed month of June.

And now the day has come again,
 When thou wert called from us away,
 The earth is wet with tears of rain,
 The singing bird forgets his lay.

A dreary world—a leaden sky—
 A weary heart within my breast,
 And oft I have a longing sigh,
 I would like thee, I were at rest.

No ringing step sounds down the hall,
 No light hand opens wide the door ;
 No pleasant greetings—naught at all,
 Is as it was in times of yore.

We wander in the long past days,
 We talk and mourn the hours gone by ;
 And in our talk we give thee praise—
 Thou, who wert called so young to die.

Thy memory is ever dear ;
 Thy words and smiles ; thy cheery ways ;
 Are ever treasures to us here,
 We speak of them this day of days.

A life of fame is one of toil,
 To gain and keep a famous place;
 And traces of the world's turmoil,
 Bear they who wear a tearful face.

A life all good is truly great
 However lowly it may be.
 A grief that leaves us desolate,
 Is oft the one that sets us free—

Free from the bond and snare of sin
 Free from a narrow minded life:
 Many a victory we win
 Through that which brings us tears and strife.

'Tis strange, but strangest things are true,
 That those who seem most needed here
 Are first called to bid earth adieu,
 And leave behind sad hearts and drear.

The knowledge of a life so pure,
 Will help us purer lives to live;
 Our toils and trials to endure
 What better gift could angels give?

Great lives are true, true lives are sweet,
 And nobleness is part divine;
 With charity for stumbling feet
 With lips that others ne'er malign.

Oftimes a loving look and smile,
 Or kind word in this world of strife,
 May ease a heart oppressed with guile.
 And change the current of a life.

A life whose deeds were small but great—
 Great in their good, and true to truth,
 That life is best, what though its fate
 May lead through paths of pain and ruth.

Alas! the common fate of man
 Is death; but if he wills it so—
 He may reverse death's awful plan
 Win blest eternity—or woe.

COMING.

Out on the misty main—
 Out on the sea;
 Kind winds, and rough are sending,
 Home to me—
 Barks of my own hearts launching:
 Let them be.

Haply some dewy morn
 They will return
 Or in the noons warm glory,
 Hope shall burn,
 As white sails cleave the sunshine,
 Round the turn.

DOROTHY.

Dorothy's eyes are deeply gray,
 And she ever has a winsome way,
 Her cheeks are dimpled, so is her chin,
 Where spirits of mischief are lurking in.

The sun of childhood is winging fleet,
 Over your brown head, Dorothy sweet ;
 You know not of care, you know not of grief—
 Tiny rosebud set in life's fairy sheaf.

Dorothy sweet, may your life be fair—
 Untroubled by a shade of care ;
 May the years only bring a song,
 To your rosy lips, as they speed along.

Oh ! May love ever be the guide,
 To the small feet that are all untried :
 May peace and purity have a part,
 And joy evermore in that happy heart.

THY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Thy brother's keeper? Aye ; thy brother's soul,
 Oft watching thine example, grows divine ;
 If thou dost let thy life's light clearly shine.
 Thou mayest for heaven, win the perfect whole.

Thy brother's keeper? Aye ; thou mayest lead.
 Down sin's smooth paths, another soul with thine,
 Where death and darkness madly intertwine,
 And no good angels wait for thee to plead.

DREAMS.

Night—darkness—dreaming! would that all were gone!
For dreaming lingers yet, though sleep is fled,
Untangible, as worthless as the web
The spider spins across the path of man.
He breaks it, knowing not it touched his feet.

A fleet of daisies in the field's green sea
Rocks at the cool touch of the river breeze,
Like boats at anchor, swaying with the tide:
Or snow, which drifted, once lay where they grow.
And where are last year's daisies? Dead and gone.

And where are last year's hopes, and last year's dreams?
They died unfruitful, like the apple buds,
That, blasted by the east wind's bitter breath,
Were white and lovely, 'till the day they died;
While nothing but a memory now remains.

Life's fairest flowers seem the first to fade—
The happiest hours wear the swiftest wings;
And yet, how little, trifling, seems it all,
When breath forsakes the fragile human frame,
And naught is left but pulseless heart and clay.

The earth is full of beauty in itself;
Majestic mountains, wrapt in purple haze—
Impenetrable forests, dark and vast,
The home of bird and beast, and savage man.
While valleys with their rivers, lie between.

The tender twitter of the nesting birds,
 The glancing sunbeams, slanting from the east,
 The cloudless azure of the summer sky,
 The odors from the blossoming trees of May,
 The diamond dewdrops in the rose's cup.

Each pink, pale petal of a frail wild rose,
 A strange and sweet creation in itself,
 Holds secrets, that beyond the ken of sage
 Are known to God; who knoweth all things well;
 And He alone, or else it could not be.

Last week a happy and unconscious child,
 With shining curls and prattling treble talk,
 And face as fair as any flower's could be;
 Played here, in the full joy of life and spring,
 While even then, the hand of death was raised.

To pluck him from the field of mortal life.
 As *his* reached out towards golden cowslips' buds,
 Now buds and child are gone—are seen no more;
 A little grave holds him. All brown and dead,
 And faded, here the buds lie at my feet.

Now sprays of song are rising from the sea
 Of melody within the blue-bird's breast.
 White clouds are sailing on that waveless main,
 The sky above, and all is peace and calm.
 Beneath the sod, the dead rest quietly.

With such unclouded beauty breaks the morn,
 To madrigals made by the morning larks :
 Hope resurrected, rises up again,
 With mien alluring, almost wildly sweet,
 O dreams away ! For peace dwells not with you.

Dreams, empty dreams ! Why crowd you on my heart,
 Sweet hopes that must be ever unfulfilled ?
 Visions with such fair promise in my view,
 To melt and fade ere I would call them mine.
 O dreams, come not with mingled bitter-sweet !

We feed our hearts on dreams, and when we wake,
 To find that we *were* dreaming, how we sigh,
 To make real unreality. But God,
 The great Eternal and Invincible,
 Who made them, knows and keeps our troubled souls.

What tales this ancient earth of ours could tell,
 Had it a voice our ears could understand !
 Of young creation's wild sublimity—
 Of those first days' and nights' mysterious lengths,
 When out of nothing, everything was framed.

Could we but walk with God, and never stray,
 Aside, the beckoning phantoms to pursue ;
 Or lose ourselves in idle, empty dreams,
 We would not deem all things unfathomable,
 But with Faith's clear gaze, know ourselves and Him.

SWEET PEAS.

Like the pearly brink,
 Of the portal pink,
 To a sea shell's heart that sings
 With beauty rife,
 Ah! the hopes of life
 Are just such fragile things.

JACINTA, Or ; the Old Man's Story.

Jacinta ; listen ; night is in the east,
And in the west a fading flush of red,
Is all remaining of the day light dead,
While all its tender songs and sounds have ceased.

Jacinta you are young while I am old ;
Your past is short, mine a long weary way.
You trust ; I doubt. You hope ; I fear, today,
Was fair to you ; to me both dim and cold.

Jacinta, life is strange, a mingled reign,
Of sunshine, sorrow, smiles, and many tears ;
And dreamlike seem the length of day and years,
When one looks back o'er trodden paths again.

Jacinta years ago I had a friend—
My friend from boyhood, trusting brave and free,
Light hearted, blithesome as a youth could be,
Such a bright dawn was his, alas ! Its end !

We were so much together. Oft morn met,
Our swift steeds on the plains, sometimes at night,
We homeward rode beneath the clear starlight,
Through the long tangled grass with deep dews wet.

Tho' changes came our friendship never waned,
But strengthened with our strength ; with wider sphere,
And broader views and thoughts, each passing year,
Our chain of brotherhood some new link gained.

One evening Olyx came to say farewell,
 But not for long. He must go east he said.
 We walked together, while his horse he led ;
 And talked till twilight died and moonbeams fell.

He went next morn, one of the truest men,
 That e'er breathed air of earth, but strange, O strange !
 From that eve when he left our visions range,—
 We never heard of Olyx Dare again.

We traced him eastward; there we lost the clue,
 And mourned him dead; forgot he could not be
 Or he forgetful. So that time for me
 Was hope deferred, that died as seasons grew.

Youth, like an eagle hovering o'er yon peak,
 Then fading in the distance of the sky,
 Lingered than flitted, sterner days came by,
 And the deep voice of war began to speak.

One night as on the open field I lay
 In slumber, while above the host of stars
 Shone down on all that makes, and all that mars—
 I dreamed I heard the voice of Olyx say—

The same clear voice of olden happy days—
 "What Alden ! After all we meet once more ?"
 And then we met and talked the old times o'er,
 Till I was wakened by the morning's rays.

At noon the fight began : life after life
 Was offered up before war's bloody shrine :
 At last I, wounded, thought to yield up mine,
 As deep and fiercer waxed the dreadful strife.

A sword was brandished o'er me for a thrust.
 I closed my eyes, faint weaken'd, waiting death.
 But some one interposed; with labored breath
 He caught the blow; returned it. In the dust.

He fell beside me, while the foe rushed on;
 And then he spoke. "What, Alden, you once more!"
 As, in my dreaming I had heard before—
 For 'twas the Olyx of the days long gone.

So there, forgetting—all our want and pain,
 We questioned; answered; almost wept for joy
 That wounds and hunger e'en could not destroy,
 Back in our happy youth we seemed again.

Why had he never written? Ah, he said,
 Why had I never answered what he sent?
 The steps and ways of fate are strangely blent—
 He had been told his dearest friend was dead.

'Twas all mistake one of my family name
 Died after Olyx had some weeks been gone,
 And he had mourned me, as the time sped on,
 Nor cared to seek the land from whence he came.

He told himself he would some day return—
 Weep o'er my grave, tread old familiar ways,
 And deem himself once more in boyhood's days,
 Ere sorrows tear-wet face he could discern.

But time sped on. Somehow he never went:
 Tho' often in the busy path he trod
 He paused, and thought of that cold western sod,
 Where I lay sleeping calmly, and content.

We talked till both grew faint, then came a veil
 Across my vision, shutting out the world—
 With glowing banners by the sun unfurled
 Of rosy light, o'er quiet hill and dale.

Sometimes Jacinta I have almost thought
 It all a dream that he was there that eve.
 A dream my heart would have my mind believe,
 Else why did I not find him when I sought.

As strength and hope returned both near and far;
 But found none like him; heard not e'en his name;
 Met none who knew him and the hope that came—
 Of finding him, fell like a falling star.

So years have run swift streamlets to the sea,
 Bearing my fleet of dreams upon their wave;
 And all the tokens my fond heart would save
 The envious years seem wont to take from me.

And you, my grandchild, with the night dark eyes,
 Bask in the sunshine ere your sun go down;
 For what was fair casts shadows long and brown.
 'Tis often bitter to be old and wise.

Why have I spoken of my friend who died?
 Who fell asleep beside some way unknown—
 (How oft we garner tares our dreams have sown.)
 I dreamed last night he wandered by my side.

The west grew dark; the tender after glow
 Faded, a brilliant star came out to rest
 In silver radiance on the twilight's breast,
 While thro' the dark, white roses gleamed like snow.

Jacinta and the old man sitting there
 Brooded in silence; one of days to dawn,
 The other mused of happy ones long gone,
 Thinking that past a favored time and fair.

Footsteps close by put musings to swift flight
 And sent them winging like a flock of birds
 Away; then came the sudden startling words—
 Stirring the old man's heart to deep delight.

"Does my old friend dwell here? So was I told
 In yonder village nestling near the hill
 And if Leigh Alden recollects me still;
 It is small matter that we both are old!"

So he had come, the dreamed of, longed for friend;
 Out of deep silence spoke the welcome voice.
 A sudden light made midnight's gloom rejoice—
 Stars in the clear wake of the moon attend.

The days they spent together, telling how
 They sought each other, and by chance or fate,
 Each deemed the other lost, and desolate
 Each one had mourned his brother friend till now.

The story never wearied; kept its charm;
 There was so much to tell—So much to hear.
 No evening was too dark, no day too drear,
 No task too hard for either feeble arm.

Jacinta, dainty maid, was well content;
 Joined in their joy, and bloomed to fairer grace,
 Bewitching beauty dwelt within her face,
 Where youth and gladness were together blent

Then often came the grandson, Ulric Dare,
 And lingered with the roses by the wall,
 He saw their snow of spotless petals fall
 Jacinta's eyes the spell that drew him there.

THE SNOWFALL—Jan. 25, 1898.

Fall! fall! thro' the closing day;
 White on the plain, white on the hill;
 The sun hath hidden himself away;
 Dreaming the rivulets lie still.

Fall! fall! thro' the afternoon;
 Morning came with the breath of Spring,
 But the sky tonight shall wear no moon,—
 The time of stars, no stars shall bring.

Fall! fall! for the hours skim
 Into our lives then swift away;
 As swallows dip into the lakes smooth rim,
 Or the sails glide over the bay.

Fall! fall! and the vine bends low,
 E'en as the head 'neath weight of years,—
 So stoops the vine, with its weight of snow;—
 Droops as a heart whose lot is tears.

Fall! fall! from the endless sky;
 Little care they who soundly sleep
 The world and its ways have passed them by
 Little care they that snows are deep.

Fall! fall! in a whirl of white!
 Myriad doves from a mighty nest;
 Fall! till the shades of the sombre night,
 Wrap round the world and its snowy breast.

TWILIGHT'S LULLABY TO EARTH.

June 20th, 1898.

Last eve the gentle twilight came,
 In floating robes of misty gray;
 She whispered, "Thou art weary earth;
 The shadows fold thy cares away.
 Rest busy one; the day is done;
 List while I sing a soothing lay,"

(LULLABY.)

Rest, rest, child of the sky!
 For the day's white lids are closing:
 The flowers dream, the far stars gleam
 'Tis time for *thine* own reposing.

Rest, rest! wandering one!
 The day-fays away are roaming,
 In shining sheen, o'er hills of green,
 Beyond the gates of the gloaming.

Child of the sky! peace—peace,
 The wings of the winds are weary,
 Songs of the sea sound soothingly,
 With a cadence strange and eerie.

Sweet—sweet—O singing sea,
 The surging chant of thy billows!
 Child of the sky! the strain floats by,
 As rest steals to spotless pillows.

Rest! rest! on evening's breast,
 For silver tressed Sylphs are straying,
 In forest ways midst mystic maze;
 Of a flood of moonbeams playing.

Rest! rest; the wild bird's wing,
 Is stayed in its fitful flitting;
 'Tis second noon, in state the moon,
 On the sky's high throne is sitting.

Child of the sky! peace—peace!
 For night's bridal bells are ringing;
 In yon dark East, the wedding feast,
 Is merry with fairy singing.

Rest! Rest! 'tis time for dreams,
 Thy children are all aslumber;
 And visions bright, the long still night,
 Haunt the dreamers, without number.

So rest thee—weary earth!
 Thou hast toiled the whole day duly:
 O wait and rest, on evening's breast,
 Thou hast won thy guerdon truly.

Fair Twilight laid a slender hand,
 Upon the sad earth's burning brow,
 While stars above, a shining band,
 And moonship with her silver prow,
 Looked down and heard like some sweet bird,
 The Twilight singing, "rest thee now."

A LITTLE RING.

A little slender shining band,
Held sacred to the days of yore.
It dwelt on such a tiny hand—
The little ring the baby wore.

As golden were the curls that cast,
Their shadows in the azure eyes;
Dear little one! no chilling blast—
Had come to make thee sad or wise.

White as the snowdrops in the spring,
The helpless little fingers were;
As wonderingly she eyed the ring,
A loving friend had given her.

And laughed to see the sunbeams wake,
A brighter glimmering from the gold;
A pretty sight! Years cannot take,
That vision from the time of old.

The merry eyes, the rosy mouth,
The dimpled cheek so soft and fair,
A tender breeze born in the South,
Just stirred the shining rings of hair.

Such precious memories wake and rise;
Sweet memories of the days of yore,
At sight of it tears fill the eyes—
Dear little ring that baby wore.

THE TOMB OF EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Quiet amid the tumult,
 Of the city's work and strife;
 'Midst ebb and flow,
 The to and fro
 Of surging waves of life.—

Where not one sounding billow
 Of the heaviest of tides,
 May mar the peace—
 Bid silence cease
 That round the tomb abides.

All day the myriad footfalls
 From the countless busy feet
 Sound far and near;
 Some faint, some clear,
 Close to that still retreat.

Yet there sleepeth a poet,
 From shore unto distant shore,
 Known by the spell
 His pen wrought well,
 Of the haunting "nevermore!"

The pale moon rays ensilver,
 With radiance white as truth,
 That place of dreams;
 Or day's warm beams—
 Bright as the hopes of youth.

Shine o'er the poet's dwelling,
 But what for it all cares he?
 New years pass by
 And old ones die.
 Into eternity.

Voices spoke while he listened
 From a shore unseen, unknown,
 Of hearts whose pain
 Lived o'er again,
 Re-echoed in his own.

HOME.

The sun may shine in other skies,
 With radiance more bright;
 The constellations guardian eyes,
 Watch through the tropic night—
 In other lands, by other seas
 The wand'ers feet may roam—
 But midst strange songs and melodies,
 His heart will sing of home.

Though silver streams like threads of light
 Haste purling to the sea
 And mountain peaks in pride and might
 Stand like eternity—
 Tho' weary feet by stranger fires,
 Find transient peace and rest,
 Yet mem'ry fond, the heart inspires,
 The dear homeland is best.

YOUTH'S CREED.

When we are old love, you and I;
When sight is dim, and strength away,
And youth's sweet time has passed us by—
The fresh blue sky an arch of gray.

When we have traversed autumn's reign—
Have found the winter's cold and frost;
Oftimes a heartache, oft a pain,
Shall we regret what we have lost?

Recall the groves of leafy trees—
(In place of branches black and bare) —
That stirred 'neath breath of summer's breeze,
When we with love and youth dwelt there.

When all the violets are gone;
The quiet fields lie wide and brown;
No merry birds to wake the dawn,
And each red leaf has fluttered down.

Say, shall we mourn those dear old times,
And, as life's vesper bells ring low,
In loving mem'ry sound the chimes
Of sunny mornings, long ago?

And, waiting on the borderland,
Pause, longing with a nameless pain,
To midst the bloom of summer stand;
Or silver showers of summer rain.

See, breaking into diamond spray,
 Against the roses velvet glow,
 Or drifting down the rivers way,
 In dreaming thought again to go.

What we know not we cannot tell;
 The winding path of life is long,
 Or short, whichever way, 'tis well,
 If we but tread it with a song.

So let age come, gaunt specter gray!
 A smile is better than a sigh;
 And joy can never distant stay,
 If we're together, you and I.

NOONTIDE REST.

Through summer days the tall trees move
 Their green clad branches to and fro;
 And soothingly a whisper low
 Sounds from the grove.

Midst summer heat when blossoms die
 Within the glances of the sun,
 From weary labors long begun
 The toilers lie.

At rest, beneath the welcome shade
 While gentle fingers of the breeze
 On heated brows with touch to please
 Are coolly laid.

EUNICE'S TASK.

Eunice sat at her window low,
The roses crept up to watch her spin;
And nodded with faces all aglow
At the little rose maiden they saw within.

A curious bird chirped from a tree;
The daisies stared up with wistful eye
Unlike the roses they could not see—
So they whispered and wondered in great surprise.

Eunice sat by her window low,
The busy wheel hummed a drowsy song
While she saw the sunbeams come and go
As the mid June morning sped laughing along.

Her task complete she ran away—
No more of the thread was left to wind;
The roses bent towards the grass to say
If the Daisies would listen they'd be so kind.—

To tell them what it was about—
The daises stood still with faces bright—
She's spun the clouds from the blue sky out,
Into moonbeams to shine this coming night.

A LULLABY.

Sleep, little head of the brown curls sleep!
Stars through the heavens are roaming,
Sleep let thy dreaming be sweet and deep,
While father comes home thro' the gloaming.

Sleep, little eyes of the wistful gray;
May God in his great love bless you!
Here's mother's kiss at the end of day
And mother's fond arms to caress you.

Rest, little fingers as purely white
As foam on billowy water;
O the wide world holds no gem tonight;
As precious as dear little daughter!

Rest, while the hours go hurrying by,
Lightly as not to awaken
Ere shades of night grow weary and die,
And the stars have the sky forsaken.

Rest little one, while the day rests, too;
Roses are nodding in slumber
The moon smiles on in her field of blue,
With the stars that we cannot number.

Wander away through the land of dreams,
'Till the sun comes back in splendor,
And up from the sea of golden beams
Comes the morning serene and tender.

BEATRICE.

Bonny laughing Beatrice,
Dainty flower rare,
Whither came the gleaming,
In your sunny hair?
Little glinting sunbeams,
Never were so fair.

Bonny mocking Beatrice,
Graceful as a fay,
Have you wooed the roses,
Royal bloom away?
Or those cloudless glances,
From the dawn of day?

Now the summer heavens,
Cleft by flitting wings,
Make the sad heart merry,
While the robin sings,
Let us share the gladness,
Which the season brings.

Happy hearted Beatrice.
Out upon the wold,
Busy bees for sweetness,
Dive in wells of gold,
From them learn a lesson,
Ere the year grows old.

In the day of plenty.
Gather for the night;
Stores from summer vanished,
Make the winter bright,
Love with love fair lady,
Will your heart requite?

GOLDENROD.

Beneath the blue September skies,
Midst all the hues so manifold,
While the young year grows old and wise,
The fields are tinged with yellow gold.

Oh gleaming of the goldenrod!
Bright as the beaming rays of morn;
Amid the brown and somber sod,
The sunny sprays of bloom are born.

The roses of the after-glow,
Blush in the garden of the west,
Ah, we have loved sweet summer so!
But she must glide away to rest.

So swaying, swinging rod of gold,
I give a sigh to summer gone;
And seek your presence on the wold—
A token of a season's dawn.

Thus heralded, the autumn days,
With mellow sunbeams warm and clear,
Come trooping thro' the forest ways,
The harvest home of all the year.

SUNSET HOUR IN CHURCH.

When the evening hymns have sounded sweet and clear
along the aisle,

And sad hearts are cheered and brightened by the light of
God's own smile;

When the tender benediction, with its boundless gift of
peace,

Falls like dew on dying flowers, bearing pardon and release.

Oh, the beauty, and the gleaming, and the radiance that falls,
At the soothing hour of sunset, on the church's tinted walls,
Just before the solemn evening wraps the world in gloom and
gray;

Just before the last warm sunbeams glow and fade, then pass
away!

There is crimson; there is purple, with the gold and blue
between,

Blending, melting all together with a mingled haze and
sheen,

Borrowed from the stained windows, rich in imagery and hue,
Touching every somber corner with faint roselight through
and through.

Fleeting as the fair reflections are the mortal lives of ours,
With a day as brief and transient as the delicate field flowers,
But the pure untailing lilies teach us tranquil words of rest,
How we should in love and patience each accept our God's
bequest.

The rare glory of the sunset and the glittering gems of light,
 Are but the splendid prelude of the swift advancing night;
 The short years through which we're passing ever quickly
 speeding on,
 Are but little rays betokening that our promised morn shall
 dawn.

MORNING.

Over the brow of the mountain ringing,
 Song floats that the dying swan is singing;
 And above his pine crowned head and high,
 The misty cities of cloudland lie,
 Like a fair Valhalla in the sky.

Wide open are swinging the gates of morning;
 In the East, a finger of rosy warning
 Bids Styx-like Night with his shades beware,
 Lest Aurora come and find him there,
 And bewitch him with her golden hair.

NIGHT'S COMING.

Twilight hastened with silent feet,
 Over the meadows brown;
 Day went to rest out in the west,
 Where the great golden sun goes down
 Tenderly—silently—tenderly,
 Day kissed the world farewell;
 Smiling she yielded her amber throne
 To night and night's dreamy spell.

Calm as a soul whose storm and strife
 Are over and done for aye,
 Bringing release, breathing of peace,
 The dark quiet hours sped by.
 O, children of toil and sorrow!
 Who wake to weep at the dawn,
 After death's dream you shall wake at rest
 With burdens and weariness gone.

Although the dark shadows lengthen
 The last lights die in the gloom—
 Up in the skies the sun shall rise,
 And tell to the night its doom.
 So onward through life we must journey
 With eyes on our distant goal
 Little mattereth light or darkness
 To a heaven illumined soul.

BY THE SEA.

The waves have rippled and broken
 On the shining sands all day,
 Where the moored boats rock on the foaming tide
 To the tune the waters play.

The sun has gone down and darkness
 Is stealing over the sea,
 Veiling the ships that are sailing home,
 Toward the dim shore silently.

The meadows are steeped in twilight,
 The wind's long sigh thro' the trees
 Tells the welcome, refreshing presence
 Of a cooling sea born breeze.

Now rises the fair moon slowly,
 Smiling on billows and shore;
 The sails show white, in the soft, clear light,
 Fairer than ever before.

The stars in the depths of heaven
 Are reflected far below;
 And the sea lies a great gem gleaming
 In the mellow moonlight's glow.

AT EVENING.

O, twilight falls, and the night bird calls,
 Over meadows dark and lonely,
 While the dusk and sky are broken by
 The light of the dim stars only.
 The work and play of the smiling day
 Have vanished beyond returning,
 Which one can say if our souls shall stay
 Till to-morrow's sun be burning?

'Tis peace and rest which seem the best
 To the toiling burden bearer,
 And each life needs little loving deeds
 To render its whole way fairer.
 A cheerful word, like a singing bird,
 Makes music some dumb space filling;
 'Tis joy's sweet rest in the blue bird's breast
 Which sets his clear notes to thrilling.

TO———

God bless and keep thee, dear, I ever say,
 And lead thee safely thro' life's rugged way,
 Until the sun
 Shall some day set and see thy race well run,
 Think thou to pray.

God keep thee, dear, whatever gifts be thine,
 Whatever laurels come to crown and shine
 Upon thy brow!
 Keep thy heart great and pure as it is now,
 With love divine.

THE RHYME OF DONNEDIN.

Once, traveling in a distant land,
 I saw back from the wave-washed strand
 A lordly castle, old and grand—
 And Donnedin,
 The village people called its name,
 And e'en the blind, the halt, the lame,
 Have all the history in a frame
 Of Donnedin.

They tell a tale of gloomy crime,
 That happened in a long gone time
 Beneath the fragrant waving lime,
 At Donnedin.
 The castle walls are old and gray,
 It frowning stands to front the bay,
 The glory long has passed away.
 Of Donnedin.

In times of old its proud renown
 Was sent to many a distant town ;
 And many parties gay came down
 To Donnedin.

The ladies fair, the gallant knights,
 The tourney and mock real fights—
 Oh, there were many brilliant sights
 At Donnedin.

The king, 'tis said, beneath the shade
 Of tall trees led his cavalcade,
 Up to the castle, where the maid—
 Of Donnedin—

Came out to welcome all his train,
 That, winding far across the plain,
 She'd watched till they had reached the lane
 At Donnedin.

The maid of Donnedin was fair—
 They tell me she had golden hair,
 And happy days all free from care,
 At Donnedin.

They say the color of her eyes
 Had rivaled that within the skies ;
 They show the tomb wherein she lies,
 At Donnedin.

One summer morning, when the dew,
 Yet wet the meadows thro' and thro',
 She saw a speck of crimson hue
 To Donnedin

Come, till its real proportions grew,
 A banner red, with border blue,
 Borne by a knight whose fame she knew,
 At Donnedin

It was her cousin, Darenville,
 Who, riding fast came nearer still
 And nearer, nearer, nearer, till
 At Donnedin,
 His charger stayed his flying feet.
 Then, with the maid, Elnora, sweet,
 The host, Lord Grendon, came to greet,
 At Donnedin.

Elnora, with her shining head,
 Stood by while her gray father said,
 "Thrice welcome art thou to a bed,
 At Donnedin."

And while they led their kinsman in,
 They bade him stay and valor win,
 In the next tourney to begin
 At Donnedin.

He had a proud and lofty mein,
 A handsomer man scarce e'er was seen
 To draw a sword upon the green
 At Donnedin,
 Than Clarence, young Lord Darenville.
 Courtly his words, and gentler still
 His manner ; mirth the hours did fill
 At Donnedin.

'Twas but a week another knight
 Came riding thro' the noonday bright,
 His polished shield shone in the light
 Of Donnedin.

Dark Hugo, Lord of Castle Deene,
 The grimmest castle ever seen,
 His speech was all of spite and spleen,
 At Donnedin.

He came and a welcome he received,
 His smooth words gladly were believed,
 Of gloom his mind seemed all relieved,

At Donnedin.

He too was kinsman to the host,
 He came he said to join the joust,
 And win; such was his haughty boast,

At Donnedin.

And so he staid; but one sad night,
 A storm had raged so full of might,
 With thunder peals and ragged light,

O'er Donnedin,

That when the tempest died away,
 With distant mutt'rings strange to say,
 As on her couch Elnora lay,

At Donnedin.

Her rest broken, she could not sleep,
 She tossed, she felt that she could weep,
 Fell o'er her soul a shadow deep,

At Donnedin.

She seemed to hear fierce cries and groans,
 And noises like to falling stones,
 From every corner echoed moans,

At Donnedin.

At last she rose and paced the hall,
 When suddenly an anguished call,
 Swept full of sorrow over all,

At Donnedin.

She turned and ran the stairway down,
 As lightly as a bird had flown,
 In answer to that awful moan,

At Donnedin.

And in a lower hall there lay,
 Her father dead at dawn of day,
 While perjured Hugo stood at bay.

At Donnedin.

These are the words she heard him say,
 "He fain had willed his wealth away,
 So I was forced the Lord to slay,
 Of Donnedin."

"He would not give me for my wife,
 Elnora, hence this ended life,
 Upon himself he brought this strife,

At Donnedin."

And as he muttered a footfall
 Came down the stair into the hall,
 Hugo saw not the maid at all,
 Of Donnedin.

To think that one of their proud race,
 Should frame a deed so dark so base,
 She screamed and met him face to face,

At Donnedin.

A fury seemed to seize his soul,
 A fire from his eyes to roll,
 "For thee also the bell shall toll,

At Donnedin."

His sword he thrust thro' her pure heart,
 She cried while dying from the dart,
 "My Clarence come from where thou art,

In Donnedin.

Come my true lover to my side,
 I promised thee to be thy bride,
 But I shall never with thee ride,

From Donnedin.

The Lord of Darenville had heard
 Her cry poor gentle wounded bird,
 Never had been such anguished word

In Donnedin

So when he saw her lying there,
 His cherished love with golden hair,
 In deathly beauty strange and rare,

At Donnedin.

False wicked Hugo turned to flee,
 His bloody deeds; and cross the sea,
 "But stay, for this thou'lt answer me,

In Donnedin

Cried Darenville with awful tone,
 Thou shalt these darksome deeds atone,
 Dost think I'll hear her dying groan

In Donnedin.

And let thee villian scathless go,
 May God forget me if I so
 Avenge them not, and all their woe

In Donnedin.

And so they fought; the lover's eye,
 Grew dim as echoed her last cry,
 Forgetting turned to her to fly,

In Donnedin.

He knelt by sweet Elnora's side;
 Death's was Darenville's chosen bride;
 And locked in his true arms she died,

In Donnedin.

He rose dark sorrow in his heart,
 Lest craven Hugo should depart,
 He'd barred the door but like a dart,

At Donnedin.

When Darenville to Elnora flew;
 Hugo, the door fled quickly through
 Lest his dark deeds in death he'd rue,
 At Donnedin.

When Clarence saw his foe had gone,
 And he left with the dead alone,
 "The craven Hugo swift hath flown,"
 "From Donnedin."

Cried he with anger and despair,
 Then out in the grey morning air,
 He rushed, o'er burdened with his care,
 From Donnedin.

Hugo had paused beneath the lime,
 And there they met a second time
 They fought because of Hugo's crime
 At Donnedin.

They fought until they both lay dead;
 The ground with streams of blood was red;
 The lime tree softly signed o'erhead,
 At Donnedin.

On Hugo's face was set the frown
 It wore when Clarence smote him down;
 Clarence, with locks so bright and brown;
 At Donnedin.

This was the tale of gloomy crime,
 They told me of the long gone time;
 In castle hall beneath the lime;
 At Donnedin

At Donnedin the nights are long;
 The nightingale trills not his song,
 But oft the wind howls loud and strong
 O'er Donnedin.

At Donnedin the grass grows tall,
 The red vine clammers up the wall,
 A death-like silence covers all;

At Donnedin.

And when the waning moon hangs low;
 Pale phantoms wander to and fro,
 And wring their hands in silent woe,

At Donnedin.

MURIEL.

My Muriel I mourn thy loss,
 And all the heavier is my daily cross
 Since thou art gone,
 In that high Heaven where thou art,
 Look down—oh pity my poor lonely heart;
 Until that day shall dawn,
 When my worn weary spirit is set free,
 And I shall find high Heaven—with it thee.

My Muriel, thy crown is won
 And all thy painful earthly toil is done;
 Thou art at rest.
 But oft I fancy thou art near,
 And sometimes e'en thy voice I seem to hear—
 Ah but for thee 'twas best.
 Too pure for this sad sinning world wert thou—
 Too bright the seal of Heaven on thy brow.

My Muriel, the grasses wave
 Their tall green spears above thy quiet grave;
 Peace—all seems peace
 In that dear lonely spot to me,
 I know thou art not there, that thou art free,
 And that of life thy lease—
 Thy earthly life—is now forever past,
 But I shall find thee—ne'er to part at last.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell, fair patroness of songs and birds !

Farewell sweet mistress of the incense laden hours !
 Thou hast set the world to music, like melody to words,
 And garlanded thy harp with thine own ambrosial flowers.

Changed soon will be those fair green trees of thine.

Autumn, nature's artist, with his practiced fingers,
 Now chooses from his palette all the tints that glow and shine,
 When the last caressing sunbeam o'er them lingers.

Oft as I gazed upon thy long domain,

The gay frolicsome wind came dancing o'er the wheat.
 He had flitted down the hill from the sun-enameled plain;
 And wave-like undulations marked the fall of his feet.

Farewell, sweet summer, with thy welcome train

Of sunny days, with daisy peopled hill and field.
 To think that thou art gone and we ne'er may meet again ;
 I cannot read the future—the book of fate is sealed.

Then farewell summer ! Thou wert dear to me.

I loved all the beauty of thy bewitching smile.
 Now golden rod is blooming. Autumn's step is on the lea,
 But traces of thy queenship linger yet, linger for awhile.

SONG OF TWILIGHT.

When the shadows lengthen,
And the afterglow,
Rosy and resplendent,
Bathes the world below—
At the gate of evening,
Till the moon is bright,
Stands the twilight maiden
Waiting for the night.

Waiting till the splendor
Dies across the sky;
Waiting till the silver
Stars come out on high.
Misty maid of twilight,
Quiet lass of dreams,
In whose dusky tresses
A crown of opal gleams.

Magic eyes of beauty,
Luminous and deep,
Where some slumb'rous spirit
Dreaming lies asleep,
With a wreath of poppies
Clasped within her hands,
At the gate of evening,
The maid of twilight stands.

LITTLE EDWARD.

Only a baby dead !
Only a sunny head
Forever on earth laid low,
To sleep in a grassy bed
With daisies overspread,
While the soft winds come and go.

Only a little child,
To sin not reconciled,
But borne far away to heav'n,
By the death angel mild ;
Far from the passions wild
That to sons of men are giv'n.

Only an empty place,
Only a vanished face,
The nursery quiet and still,
Where once the baby's feet
Made patt'ring music sweet,
And with joy the hours would fill.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the refuge of the soul.
The armor of the weak oppressed.
The waves of sin before it roll,
It maketh clean, the unclean breast.

TO A FRIEND.

I hear a clear voice singing
But only in memory
It's sound can never pass away
In all my life from me.
Never to be forgotten
The music's silvery flow
That rose on the air and charmed me
Just one little week ago.

I, in the twilight dreaming,
As my heart is wont to dream
After the fair-faced day has gone,
And spent is each amber beam,
Wish you were here to sing me
A song of the passing day,
So melodiously tender
As to drive unrest away.

And while the notes are rippling
From the golden realms of song,
To take my troubled spirit,
And to bear me soothed along
Into a sphere where sorrow
Dwells not and is unknown;
Where hosts of white winged angels
Stand rejoicing 'round God's throne.

Yours is a gift most precious,
 And this is my wish to you ;
 That your life be filled with gladness,
 With love's music through and through;
 Then, when earth's day is over,
 An eternity of joy,
 Where life and love shall be perfect,
 Deep and pure without alloy.

Song is the soul's ideal
 Of the angel's unheard speech ;
 Something of rapture and sweetness
 Yet here in our mortal reach.
 Gift from the land where seraphim
 Joyful and singing dwell
 And close by the crystal river
 The songs of their gladness swell.

AT THE ORGAN.

The sun shone through the western window pane,
 And cast a golden bar across her brow,
 As, wrapped in a melodious reverie,
 She sat, just as I, dreaming, see her now.

Her slender fingers stole across the keys—
 Those snowy fingers 'neath whose charmed touch,
 The sweet and saddened music floated up,
 Like mingled love and pain, it told so much.

Something some grand old master's genius wrought,
 Like distant echoes of an angel's song.
 And she, with fair pale face of purity,
 Lent life to the illusion—made it strong

With head half raised, her spirit borne afar
 Upon the music's tide she looked so fair.
 She seemed a being from another world—
 With deep mysterious eyes and shining hair.

MUSINGS.

Often when walking through this toiling world,
 And seeing wrong and ruin—storm o'erhead—
 The weak and fainting faithless human soul
 Forgets its faith and fears the way to tread.

Sometimes two ways will meet—'tis hard to choose
 The right, or even know which is the right ;
 For what we take shall mar or make our fate,
 And so we stand and ponder till the night

Comes down upon us. Choose we then in haste,
 With troubled mind, with fear foreboding brain,
 Afterward to regret—perhaps rejoice—
 We did not take the other long past lane.

Would I could tune my own rebellious heart
 Down to the soundless music of thy peace ;
 Would I might calmly sit and work and wait,
 Full patiently until my soul's release.

For peace is better than a thousand thrones,
 That crumbling only wait their turn to fall.
 A tranquil spirit rarer far than fame—
 That star whose light the world will oft recall.

But faith and peace may look beyond the veil :
 May see the perfect paradise of rest.
 Here lies before us many a stony path,
 But there, thank God, will all know what is best.

CHRISTMAS, 1897.

When day rolls back the curtain of the night,
 And earth awakes from sleep on Christmas morn,
 And while the sun trod east is growing bright,
 Sweet bells ring out the news our Lord is born!

There is an early hush—there lingers yet
 Some of the quiet of the long dark hours:
 'Tis then they ring those clearly pealing bells,
 The joyous tokens fall like gladsome show'rs.

No note of discord mars the music's song,
 That sings of joy and peace and calm good will.
 The morning winds and breezes bear along
 The chimes, so that when ceased we hear them still.

And when dear Christmas day has come and gone—
 When night again has brought her sombre bars—
 There in the casket of the sky behold
 The gem-like gleaming of the Christmas stars.

BEAUTY.

A charm lies in the depths of starry eyes,
And in the tender smiles of lips we love;
Far in the wide fair pathways of the skies,
Light up the wondrous beauties of the stars;
And autumn woods ere winter's ruthless hand
Bereaves them, glow like some enchanted land
Imprisoned in the sun's long golden bars.

But the clear eyes shall weary grow and close;
The rare lips presently shall cease to smile,
And still as marble, lose the lovely rose
That made them beautiful; for all must die.
Then crisp and brown and withered thro' the day
Dead leaves are blown across the bare pathway,
By chilly winds beneath the leaden sky.

There is a beauty knowing not decline,
As high above this seething fickle world
As heaven itself. Not human—more divine—
The earnest beauty of a faithful soul
Doing its little, but that little well;
Looking to God from whom its being fell,
And daily nearing some immortal goal.

PATIENCE.

O, may the Christ-like patience fill my soul,
 That I may bear the little cares of life
 Without complaint; and when dark waters roll
 About me, may I calmly stem the strife,
 And say as great pure Christ said long ago;
 "Father thy will not mine," wait patient so.

O, Christ! the Savior of a toiling world,
 That weary in its bondage would be free;
 The banner of thy love o'er it unfurled,
 Turns tired lives and souls to rest and thee!
 Rest—welcome word to those who toil and weep;
 Thou givest rest, and thy beloved sleep.

THE FIRST EASTER.

Over the city the twilight came,
 The sun in the west was a ball of flame,
 That ruddily glowed o'er each roof and wall.
 Light from faint stars was beginning to fall.

Over the city a pall of gloom
 Lay as they laid Him to rest in His tomb—
 A heritage awful of sorrow and dread,
 That through the ages its darkness would spread.

Over the city the night came down,
 Hiding the hills in its fathomless frown.
 Wonderful night of a wonderful clime,
 Mortal the place, but immortal the time.

Over the city the morning crept,
 Still in His cavern the Crucified slept,
 Guarded and watched by the mandate of man,
 But only unfolding their Creator's plan.

Over the city the hours of day
 Dawned, soon to wane, then to fade swift away.
 Shadowy evening and night with its calm,
 Over the land fringed with feathery palm.

Over the east shot the lances of light,
 Shaming the dim and the dusk of the night.
 What of the tomb, with its seal and its stone?
 There waits an angel serene and alone.

"Lo! He is risen!" The conflict is o'er,
 Robbed of its terrors is Death's distant shore.
 Triumphant morning! Oh, what hath been won.
 Life for the dying through God's holy Son.

Over the world dawns the Gospel of Peace,
 Where in their blindness and waiting release,
 Poor sons of men in their prisons and pain,
 Long for the tidings, they shall live again.

Over the ages the first Easter morn
 Sends its sweet comfort to mortals forlorn.
 Hope for despair—for mirages given
 Bulwarks of truth, for this dark earth a heaven.

A VIOLIN.

The dwelling place of melody,
Wherein sweet notes do lie,
As song birds slumber in their nest
Until one passes by
And breaks their dreaming, silent rest,
Then out, around they fly.

Within there lieth music's sea,
Whose note-waves break in song,
And swell and lull, and ebb and flow,
So sweet and low or strong
That I would stay them as they go
And pray them linger long.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAMEALIA SHANNON.

Too pure for earth so angels came,
And bore thy sinless soul to heaven;
With falling tears we speak thy name,
Thou flow'ret only lent, not given.

That bird-like voice, the sunny smile ;
That sweet bright nature, ours no more,
Is only taken for a while,
To dwell upon another shore.

A homeless wand'rer through the street,
With weary footsteps passes slow ;
Her soul is stained by passion's heat,
That was so white long years ago.

If like thee, child, her soul had slept
 The sleep of death in childhood's days,
 No tears her tired eyes had wept,
 But all her being love and praise.

Thy lot is bright; thou art at rest ;
 Thy quiet eyelids shed no tears ;
 Fair child ! oh thou art doubly blest,
 For thee no cares, no griefs, no fears.

Through all the coming days and years,
 Thy body shall lie 'neath the sod,
 Thy soul, where nothing mars nor sears,
 In Paradise shall be with God

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Dainty 'kerchief white as snow,
 Style one hundred years ago ;
 Hair smoothed back in rows of curls,
 Round her neck a string of pearls,
 That's Priscilla.

High heeled slippers red and small,
 Ah ! they make her look so tall ;
 Flowered gown down to her feet,
 Yes, from tip to toe she's neat,
 That's Priscilla.

But the best and sweetest grace,
 Is her lovely flower face ;
 Rosy cheeks and dainty rose,
 Lips the color of a rose.
 That's Priscilla.

Little maiden though you're old,
 Time can never steal the gold
 From the ripples of your hair,
 You will never know a care.
 Fair Priscilla.

Little maid of olden time,
 'Tis for you I wrote this rhyme ;
 Never you will older be,
 There you hang and smile at me.
 Fair Priscilla.

VIOLET.

Long ago in the morning light,
 I met you by the rippling stream,
 When you were gathering roses white.
 It comes back to me like a dream.

You were as beautiful as the rose
 That bloomed half open at your feet,
 And the record of the dead past shows
 Your gentle nature was as sweet.

Like a flood the sunshine filled the air,
 Tenderly touching field and hill,
 Lighting a flame of gold in your hair—
 You stood there graceful, fair and still.

Lost Violet from my youthful days,
 No dearer vision I recall,
 Than when you stood while the sun's bright rays,
 Fell like a blessing over all.

And forever in my musings yet,
 You stand again where blossoms blow.
 E'en in my dreams I cannot forget,
 That summer morning long ago.

TO LITTLE MYRTLE.

Ah ! baby on thy mother's knee,
 With laughing eyes look up at me,
 While in thy leaf brown hair
 The sunshine wakes a gleam of gold,
 And warmly lingers there.

Wee dimpled hands, as pure as snow,
 And feet so small they cannot go
 Alone on life's rough way ;
 May blossoms deck the path they tread,
 To brighten all their day.

I fathom not the thoughts divine,
 That dwell in that white soul of thine ;
 And by thy little bed
 Perchance an angel stands to keep
 Watch o'er thy sleeping head.

What knowest thou of toil and care
 Or if the days be dark or fair ?
 But, ah ! the years roll on,
 To bring thee joy, or bear thee pain,
 With each succeeding dawn.

Oh ! little one so fair and frail,
 A tiny little craft a-sail
 Upon life's tossing sea ;
 God guard thee and forever keep
 Thy soul in purity.

LISTENING.

Alone I stand at the garden wall,
 Over which the roses are swinging ;
 They drop pearl-petals at my feet,
 In time to her sweet singing.
 Her voice so clear
 Comes to me here
 With silver echoes ringing.

The sounds of her song rise in my heart,
 Like waves in the tremulous ocean ;
 But there can be no ebbing tide
 To the sea of my devotion.
 My love shall last
 Tho' winter's blast
 May strive to calm its motion.

The dear old world seems so blithe and fair,
 That I wonder at thought of sadness ;
 The air, and sky, and sunny fields,
 Are filled with passionate gladness.
 But clouds may rise
 In azure skies
 Or grief slay this sweet madness.

Here the golden rod sways at my feet,
 With the red, red jewels of clover ;
 While creamy roses nod and bend
 And wreathe the gray stones over.
 She does not know,
 I am longing so
 To be her own true lover.

Her face with all its beauteous grace,
 Is fairer far than the morning skies ;
 Never grew pansies so dark and deep,
 As the soft depths of her eyes.
 Her smiles are bright
 As the dawning light,
 From which the night shadow flies.

Still her voice flows like a rippling stream,
 Of clear melody down thro' the day ;
 The hours would not seem half so glad,
 Were my darling's song away,
 May her pure life
 Be free from strife,
 And love's sunshine guide her way.

DEATH'S SEA.

O, mystical sea, whose murmuring waves
 Dash close by our mortal strand ;
 On your billow's breast you bear away
 Our souls to a better land.

They drift like boats on the turning tide
 Further and further from sight;
 Heaven's shore lies to the other side,—
 And eternal, fadeless light

Over, over the mystical sea,
 Thro' the deep'ning waves and foam,
 Till faint from rapture and free from sin,
 The weary soul's safe at home.

WIND OF THE WEST.

Wind of the west, thou hast come from the sea,
 A tale of its beauty thou bearest to me;
 I hear the deep's music, I see the white spray,
 And the wild sea-birds flitting in fantastic play.
 Oh, wind of the west! O, wind from the sea!
 Thoughts of my darling thou bringest to me.

Under the foam, far beneath the gray reef,
 Sleeps my love unconscious of sorrow and grief;
 Oh, sweet wind of the west, hast heard the waves say,
 How calmly he rests in the breast of the bay,
 Oh, wind of the west from the sounding sea,
 Dreams of my darling thou bringest to me.

Wind of the west, from the domes of the sky,
 Where the phantom-like vapors glide lightly by,
 Hast ever approached the bright place of the blest
 Where rest is for weary, and weary for rest?
 Cool wind of the west that treadest the sea,
 Where may the home of the sorrowful be?

Wind of the west thou hast come from the sea,
 A tale of its beauty thou bearest to me,
 And dreams of the deep and thoughts of the shore,
 Of the waves that re-echo o'er him evermore.
 Wind of the west and waves lull him to sleep
 With the solemn lullaby of the deep.

SUNRISE.

Ah ! with what glory comes the breaking day,
 Making the sweet dim morn and beauty one,
 While earth seems waiting breathless for the sun,
 To come and roll the shades of night away.

Still, all is still, save in the lofty trees,
 Where little people chirpingly awake,
 And sing a morning song for day's dear sake,
 To welcome back the sunbeams and the breeze.

Above them all a clear voiced soaring lark,
 With wondrous solo ushers in the light,
 Rejoicing as the flushing east grows bright.
 The morning star is but a silver spark.

At last the sun, smiling across the hills,
 Tinging the lakes and rivers' waves with fire,
 And ever surely, towards the zenith higher,
 Climbs, casting golden beams into the rills.

LITTLE MAID MAY.

Oh, she comes and stands by me whenever I play,
 Rosy cheeked, rosy-lipped little Maid May ;
 So quiet and dreamy, so serious and fair,
 With pansy dark-eyes and her riotous hair,
 There'd never be found in the land anywhere
 A maid like little Maid May.

Though rainy the weather, we've sunshine within,
 Plentiful smiles and a sweet violin ;
 For little maid Merry Heart's happy all day.
 Her heart is all sunny, though sun is away
 And worth all the world is its one constant ray,
 So pure and free from sin.

Oh little Maid Merry Heart, few are her years !
 Dear little May maiden few are her tears !
 But sunshine and laughter, and voices and song,
 To speed the bright day of her childhood along,
 With never the sadness of sorrow or wrong—
 The sadness that wounds and sears.

PRAYER—July 30, 1898.

Dear Lord, my faith is small,
 Grant Thou me more,
 And send, I pray, true charity to all.
 Make me deplore
 All things un-Christ like,
 Let me know my guide,
 And never wander
 From Thy pierced side.

GONE.

[Lines on the death of Mr. A. M. Marsh.]

The mountains stand in purple shade,
The wind is mild and low ;
The trees are in spring garb arrayed,
The roses bloom and blow ;
And songsters trill in wood and glade,
Their gladsome hearts to show.

All busy bustling life goes on,
Just as it did before ;
But the master of the house is gone—
He will return no more.
He went away at yesterdawn
To seek a distant shore.

A land beyond the azure sky,
Whose shores we may not see.
Above the stars which burn so high
It lies, and thither he
Has gone, and past forever by
This world, so tranquilly.

For calmly lies he in his tomb,
His quiet heart at rest ;
He careth not for grave nor gloom,
Hands folded on his breast.
And we have yet to meet our doom—
He knoweth what is best.

And though up brightly comes the sun,
 It rises not for him ;
 The circle of his life is done,
 His light no more is dim.
 Perchance his soul has now begun
 Its everliving hymn.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

My heart went out one day to meet a friend,
 I knew was nearing my abode of life,
 Expectant thoughts my glad way did attend,
 No little space my heart then held for strife,
 'Twas in the golden haze of afternoon—
 I thought not of the shadows coming soon.

“I shall have time,” I thought, and let my feet,
 Take their own time the smooth white path along;
 Oh, joy! Oh gladness! when we meet and greet;
 But after while the day lark ceased his song,
 The sun sank down behind the hill-top's crest,
 And all the world was ready for its rest.

“I should have hasten,” thought I in unrest.
 The way grew dark, with shadows o'er it flung;
 I strove to cheer my heart, and calm my breast,
 And sing the song the lark had lately sung;
 But with the day my cheeriness had flown—
 Still, wearily, I stumbled on alone.

So night and fear o'ertook me—ne'er a star
 Shone out to guide my troubled wandering
 "Oh, nightingale !" I cried, "sing from afar!"
 And to this silence thy loved music bring!"
 But star nor music answered not my call,
 And night and stillness reigned in might o'er all.

Yet on I went; and in distress and dark,
 I missed the darling friend I sought to find,
 When morning came, with light and meadow lark,
 I saw the footprints, leading on behind ;
 For this had been my unrelenting fate—
 To be but one short precious hour late.

Oh, all the tender sympathy that I
 Then missed, and ever since have felt my loss ;
 The touch of gentle hands that passed me by,
 The chance that can no more my pathway cross—
 All this is gone, but I cannot forget ;
 As long as life remains I shall regret.

'Mid all the friends I love who dwell by me,
 I long for one whose voice and smile are gone ;
 Through mirth or pain remembered mourned to be,
 Whom I shall never meet till heaven dawn.
 What would I not give for one little word ;
 That careless in past days I oft had heard !

MUSIC.

Strains that awake in the inmost heart
An echo that lingers long,
Magical peace that will not depart,
Dwells in the spell of a song.

Like some bright river that glows and gleams,
With light from the morning sky,
Each tender cloud of memory seems
To flow from a source as high.

Raising the mind to loftier heights
Than it ever reached before,
Further than stars whose scintillant lights
Seem borrowed from heaven's shore.

Over the discord of toil and care
Sound reveries sweet and pure,
While waking the peace that slumbers there,
Teach heart and soul to endure.

COMING HOME.

The stars have opened their dreamy eyes,
Out on the world and the night they gaze ;
The world in a mantle of mist and haze,
While many a child in slumber lies,
And out thro' the welcome open door
A mellow river of lamplight flows,
And to him who treads the path it glows
Like a gleam from heaven across the moor.

The starlight falls in a softer smile
 Than the sunshine wore at hour of noon,
 And slender and bright the crescent moon,
 Beholds a form at the garden stile
 Glad that the restful hours are come—
 That the day and its many toils are gone.
 He stops to look while his heart goes on
 To dwell with the love and peace of home.

When silent shadows of evening float
 Over the scenes of the day of life,
 And dim as dreams are its joys and strife,
 May a flood of light thro' the darkness float—
 A golden guide to a home so blest—
 And haply a moment the weary soul,
 Shall pause to gaze on the hard won goal,
 Then enter into joy and rest.

ELEANOR.

Down in the dew there are daisies,
 Up in the sky are the stars :
 Here, the bright gold of the daisies,
 There, the red gleaming of Mars.

Whither hath Eleanor lingered ?
 Day and its duties are done,
 Eleanor, fair and white fingered,
 Long hath the evening begun.

Many a silvery pathway
 Winds along over the sky :
 Close near the dreams of the daisies
 The clear little brook ripples by.

Heavy your heads, drowsy daisies,
 Wearing tiaras of dew :
 Weep with my heart, weary daisies,
 Eleanor lingers from you.

TO MY BROTHER.

If I had the right of asking
 Three things I would ask for thee—
 The pearl of truth and a heart of youth,
 With its hopes and sympathy.

And the mighty boon of courage,
 That lives for the right or dies,
 Ere it joins the wrong, that guilty throng,
 Where the coward lives and lies.

I would that thy whole life's record
 Show fair as thy youthful face ;
 Till the day that death steals thy last breath,
 And is run thy earthly race.

I would ask thee to be faithful,
 To the good which comes to thee,
 And count not the cost, naught can be lost,
 The grace of our God is free.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Long, bright and coolly fair hath been the day :
 The morning chimings sounded long ago.
 And now the sun takes his departing way
 In burnished glow.

Go, solemn sun ! Across you dimming heath,
 From Eastern ways the dark faced shadows fall.
 The trees untouched by breeze's bending breath,
 Wait, still and tall.

Wait for the cool and quiet of the night ;
 Wait for the distant glim'rings in the sky ;
 Wait till the sea wind comes with footfalls light,
 And wakes their sigh.

The smile of Sabbath resteth on the fields,
 A tender benediction breathing peace.
 Oh, golden day, that such a blessing yields,
 When toil must cease.

Night, with its gloomy shroudings, hath the stars
 Life, with its many burdens, yet hath joy.
 Let none, whatever makes, whatever mars,
 Thy trust destroy.

AIR CASTLES.

'Tis hard to sing when the heart is sad,
And heavy with burden of pain ;
When the castles bright of the dear daylight,
Can never be built again.
When beneath the ruin and rack of their fall—
Those castles so high and fair,
Lie buried day dreams and the rainbow gleams
Of the joy that knew not care.

Ah, I launched my dream ships one bright day
On the breast of a glassy tide,
In straight course they held, while a sea wind swelled,
From the green waves rushing glide.
I have waited and longed for their glad return,
O'er the great sea's changeful plain,
While each beautiful dawn, of the days sped on,
Thro' the summer's sun and rain.

The sea has sung its tumultuous song
To the shores and wide sky all day ;
It has brought them home, with the snow-white foam,
At birth of the twilight's gray.
But the sails are soiled by the hand of the brine,
They have braved the storm cloud's shocks,
And the hulls once smooth are all ground and grooved,
By beating on the cruel rocks.

So wond'rous clear are the days of youth,
 While the nights have star set skies,
 And the sun and moon set the world atune,
 'Neath the glamor of lovelit eyes.
 O, how strong and fair the air palaces are,
 As firm on a rock they seem ;
 But the shifting sand is not steady land—
 They fade in a misty dream

TRANSITION.

Dewdrops are in the valley,
 The morning draweth nigh,
 Out in the east and azure
 Clouds tinged with crimson lie.
 The hours of night and darkness
 Passed swift away to die.

Far, far the ocean widens,
 Till sky and sea are one.
 The mirror of the moonbeams,
 Now gilded by the sun ;
 So changeful, yet so changeless,
 Till earth and life are done.

A thousand waves are tossing
 On yonder restless sea,
 Unquiet as the tumult
 Man's mind and memory
 Works, and his heart is troubled
 With subtle mystery.

The unseen stars are shining
 Up in the sunlit sky.
 Each human heart's impulses,
 Unknown may reach as high.
 Thoughts flit across its surface,
 As breezes passing by.

Rare pearls and princely treasures
 Lie deep below the brine.
 The humblest soul about us
 Unfathomable, divine,
 May be a worthy casket,
 Rich jewels to enshrine.

Each day and night's length shortens
 The circle of the year.
 Each tiny second lessens
 Our brief sojourning here.
 We may not choose to linger
 Tho' life and earth are dear.

The music of birds' voices
 Breaks forth with chirp and trill,
 That on to morrow's dawning,
 May silent be and still,
 Tho' daisies white the meadows,
 And verdure green the hill.

Down in the little harbor,
 A boat at anchor sways,
 The sails swell white and gleaming,
 Steeped in the sun's warm rays.
 So, in the would-be haven,
 May end my life's last days.

The earth is passing lovely,
 The sea is wide and fair,
 The sky's unknown dominion
 Holds oft a picture rare.
 O, wond'rous earth and ocean !
 O, wond'rous tract of air.

THE LILLIES OF THE FIELD.

Fair as the morning to the world,
 White as a soul forgiven,
 They stood, the lillies in the field,
 Pearls from the gate of heaven.
 The Master saw them—passed them through—
 In all their snowy splendor.
 He, in each graceful blossom's face
 Saw something grand, yet tender.

Each petal was a scroll to hold
 A world of mystic seeming—
 A glory greater than a king's
 Dwelt in such spotless gleaming.
 Behold the lillies of the field,
 Where reads a lesson rarer,
 An everlasting Father's love
 Shall make our own lives fairer.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE MANOR.

They meant to weave white flowers in her golden hair to-night—

Twine spotless orange blossoms in the shining waves of light;
But amidst its wealth a rosebud, lies like a gleam of snow,
And all her words, her smiles and ways are of the long ago.

They meant to bring her lillies of the valley, fragile bells,
That ring with ceaseless music in the shady haunts and dells;
But from earth's dells and valleys, her way lies long apart,
Tho' to night she wears her lillies close to her quiet heart.

Ah, they thought to see her beauty bloom thro' her bridal veil,

Death's frost has slain the roses flush and lip and cheek are pale ;

Ah they thought to see the manor with mirth and life aglow
But death dwells in the manor and its fairest child lies low.

They thought to hear the music of blithe voices everywhere;
No gay young feet go tripping, down dark old hall and stair ;
For in life's web of golden dreams, fate wove a strand of woe,
And all her words, her smiles and ways are of the long ago.

ALONE.

From the sky's clear height the moon looks down,
Fair is the world in her silver crown ;

"Peace" breathes the night winds hastening by,
Peace beam the dwellers in yonder sky,
The white stars—the pale stars—far and high.

“Peace” but I think of a distant shore,
 Of the battle’s din and cannon’s roar ;
 Where the awful seeds of death are sown,
 I say a prayer for my love my own,
 In the moonlight, the fair light, alone.

A rose from the fragrant leafy hedge,
 Her fair cheek lays ’gainst my window ledge ;
 For the June tide, the rosetime is here,
 From the wealth of the roses last year
 One I keep ; faded, dead, yet how dear.

In the moonlight I linger and dream,
 While the murmuring voice of the stream
 Sings a song to the night and the stars ;
 And no wraith of the world’s weary wars
 Walks the night, and its calm beauty mars.

LILIAN—A PICTURE.

Only a faded rosebud !
 But all that is left to me
 Of those sweet days when I called her
 My soul’s divinity.
 O, Lilian, gay Lilian !
 Both fair and false was she.

One night in her bright coiled tresses,
 A delicate blossom lay,
 Its white cheeks lovingly seemed to touch
 Each curling golden ray.
 The white and the gold were together,
 Like opening beams of day.

I took the rose at parting;
Then she made pretense to frown,
But there was mischief's witchery
In her eyes as she look'd down.
A rose then fair as my dreaming ;
Now dry, and crisp, and brown.

So Lilian, of long ago,
Your rosebud still I keep ;
'Mid memories and reveries
The past awakes from sleep.
I call you back again to me
While twilight shadows creep.

O, Lilian, lost Lilian,
You caught this heart of mine
With net spun of your shining hair,
With glances so divine.
I can forgive, but not forget,
Love and regret entwine.

Lilian, from the land of dreams,
You look with tender eyes,
But what has been comes not again,
Tho' shadowy wraiths arise.
Naught lingers of your lovely self
But the dead rose I prize.

GREETING TO MISS I. GEORGE, W. H. S., XMAS, 1897.

The season of our Christmas cheer,
 Stands at the portals of the year,
 That fast is dying;
 Frost streaks the dark locks of the pine,
 While lengthy garlands intertwine
 And winds are sighing.

The holly's scarlet berries seem
 Amid the green, to brighter gleam,
 And we are meeting
 At our dear teacher's shrine to pay—
 For mirth holds royal reign to-day—
 Our loyal greeting.

May Christmas bring thee cheer and peace
 Joys many as the Gods of Greece
 And '98
 "The happy New Year" in his train,
 Bring blessings like a golden rain.
 And smiles from fate.

The little spirits of good will
 With gleams of gladness seem to fill
 The fleeting hours ;
 The sleighbells raise their merry chime,
 No happier was the summer time,
 Tho' decked with flowers.

May *evergreen* for us and thee,
 The memory of this season be,
 The recollection—
 Bring thoughts to cheer and warm the heart,
 As sunbeams that will not depart
 And our affection —

Be not like snow that falls to-day
 And on the morrow melts away,
 But true and lasting.
 And this most merry Christmas be
 One round of glad festivity
 All sadness blasting.

RECLAIMED.

He lay in the hospital ward—
 Pale and wasted and thin ;
 But a strong will looked from his haggard eyes,
 And his soul was steeped in sin.

Dying ; he knew it—inch by inch.
 He faced death with a jeer,
 And, “I don’t need any assistance, nurse,
 Don’t wan’t any parson here.”

Ah ! to think that a white soul’d child,
 Once pure on his mother’s knee,
 Should body and soul die a double death—
 A sorrowful thing to see.

The day dawned which would be his last ;
 The ground was white with snow,
 And the sky held never a ray of sun
 To dispel the gloom below.

“Nurse, I am dying—yes, I know,
 I had a dream last night
 That I want to tell you before I go.
 Sit here by me in the light.”

His face was softened, eager, wan,
 But peace was written there.
 The nurse had tears in her pitying eyes,
 Tho’ well used to grief and care.

“The sun shone as it used to shine
 On the maples by the door ;
 I was back again in the dear old home,
 An innocent boy once more.

“I saw the wind go o’er the wheat—
 The hawthorn in the lane,
 And the sweet glowing roses nod and stir,
 As they swung against the pane.

“Again my mother smiled on me—
 She spoke of future years.
 Ah, so fair and bright were her cherished dreams
 She’d never a thought of tears.

“I cannot tell you all she said—
 The scene soon passed away.
 I awoke ; my mother was by me here,
 Her hand on my head she lay.

“And, nurse, she stayed here all night long.

I know she came from Heav’n.

She had prayed to God that another chance

To her dying son be given.

“For I shall join her soon—so soon.

I know that God is love.

If I only could tell you all she said

Of that peaceful home above.

“I said again my childhood’s prayer,

I used to know so well ;

And pray, when the stars came out in the sky,

And dew on the meadows fell.

“ ‘Our Father’—He’s my father yet ;

I’ve wandered far away

From His saving hand and His loving smile,

But yet, He is mine to-day.

“Where are you, nurse ? I am alone !

No mother is here by me.

I am coming, mother. Yes, take my hand,

For I want his face to see.”

His lips were smiling—he was dead ;

Down dropped a sunny ray

As the sun burst forth through the veiling clouds,

The darkness had flown away.

DREAMS AND DAYS.—July 29, 1898.

What care I for the bright days gone,
 They are forever dead to me ;
 Though lovingly I watched their dawn,
 And lived in dreams of what might be.

They wore a light no future days,
 Can ever bring again I know,
 And wrapt about in golden haze ;
 I let their happy spirits go.

For is it wise to dwell again,
 Upon old dreamings half fulfilled ;
 No, 'tis to don a garb of pain,
 While silent heart strings tremble, thrill'd.

No, let old days and dreams be dead,
 And they and theirs forever lie :
 Like sweet wild blossoms of the mead
 That withered 'neath a sultry sky.

O to think these hands so weak
 Will never write on earth again
 To think these lips will never speak
 A note of pleasure or of pain.

THE SUMMER DAY'S REPLY.

Beautiful day with thy sunny smile,
 Why wilt thou die so soon ?
 Linger, I pray thee, linger awhile
 Lengthen this summer noon.

To-morrow a dreary day may be,
 To-morrow may bring pain,
 To-morrow may bring no joy to me,
 But sorrow's chilling rain.

I hear thee laugh like a chime of bells,
 "Ah child I cannot stay,
 For see the length'ning shadow tells,
 That I must pass away.

In the morrow's rain remember me,
 And think of these bright flowers
 Let not this beauty be lost to thee,
 Thinking of dreary hours.

Enjoy to day, the past has fled,
 Ne'er to return again,
 Dream not of future ; of days long dead,
 For learn, all dreams are vain.

Thy dreams are vain ; the flowers must die ;
 Fade must the fair, green sod ;
 Go bravely on with a song, not sigh
 Leave thou the rest to God.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

I asked what is your favorite flower,
 The rose or violet ?
 No ? Well, perhaps the lily, love
 Or else the mignonette ?

Or blue bells (like your eyes, I thought)
 White daisies wet with dew—
 O love ! no blossom anywhere
 Can yet compare with you !

The buttercups stood midst the grass ;
 I waited my reply.
 A little dimpling of the lip,
 A breath not quite a sigh.

“My favorite flower askest thou ?
 All others are forgot,
 Beside that dainty little star—
 Blue-eyed, forget-me-not.”

Though happy years have come and gone,
 Since that sweet summer hour,
 The fragile wee forget me not,
 Is still our favorite flower.

TO DR. GIBSON, ON HIS 70th BIRTHDAY.

What means to us a birthday but another milestone reached ;
 A year of life completed, another just begun
 The sunlight of each morning, and the starbeams of each
 night,
 Bear witness of the duties we have done, or left undone.

We have come to night to welcome our rector, teacher, friend,
 With words of sincere greeting, with music, mirth and song ;
 May hours flee on golden wings, so happily and free ;
 And cold fate herself smile on us our pleasures to prolong

May no cloud of sorrow darken the sunshine on his path,
 That stretches out before him, the way that must be trod ;
 But fair rainbow beams of hope arch across the azure sky,
 Bringing peaceful thoughts of Heaven, and Heaven's gracious God.

The month of May has decked the world in shining robes of green ;
 Blithe birds sang in the woodlands throughout the natal day,
 And myriad flowers star the grass, the lavish gift of spring,
 We would as many blessings light this 24th of May.

'Tis when the year's swift rounding thro' the season's change-
 ful lengths,
 From winter's chill dominion ushers in the warmth of spring.
 Thro' the tearful moon of April to the merriment of May,
 Who, with diadem of dewdrops, this birthday's gladness
 brings.

NEVER.

Never in any sun-bright day
 To see thy face again ;
 To hear thy step or clasp thy hand
 In lands of mortal men.

The world goes on—why should it care
 That thou art slumbering ?
 It knew thee not, thou wert not great,
 No mighty chief or king.

'Twas thine to speak the cheering word,
 To lives bowed down with care ;
 To lift a brother from the dust,
 Thy hopes with him to share.

When I am weary let me call
 Thee back from regions far :
 To learn of thee and gain that peace,
 More sure than evening's star.

The glorious beams of setting sun
 Are glowing gold and red,
 Like islands of those blessed ones
 Whom we on earth call dead.

O, beautiful ! how beautiful
 That quiet life of thine,
 So full of faith and charity
 And hope's eternal wine.

Thine eyes from looking into Heaven
 Grew wond'rous clear and fair,
 Thy feet have trod the path of stars
 To find thy guerdon there.

IN DRUID HILL PARK.

I wandered down a woodland path,
 A small path paved with falling leaves;
 The day was drawing near its death,
 The wind went by with frosty breath;
 Garnered were summer's sheaves

The glowing trees were growing bare,
 And losing all their wealth of shade;
 Dark branches showed against blue air;
 The sunbeams lingered everywhere,
 In little vale and glade.

It seemed a scene from fairyland—
 Some ling'ring elfish fairy tale—
 When, from a small grove close at hand;
 There issued sudden as a gale,
 With patt'ring feet and bleating wail,
 Sheep white as ocean sand.

A trusty dog with amber eyes,
 Ran here and there, about the flock;
 A squirrel took on, sharp eyed and wise,
 Then scampered off behind a rock,
 Sending a chatter back to mock,
 The mild-eyed sheep's surprise.

Another form!—is it a fay?
 Enchanted man from long ago?
 A quaint, old shepherd from a day
 That came and went with the rich glow,
 Which Indian summers ever show?
 Ah! bent old man in gray!

He makes the elfin scene complete
 As on he goes in hand his crook
 With slowly sauntering, following feet,
 With here a call, and there a look;
 The sheep pause at a little brook,
 Back floats a long drawn bleat.

Then slowly on till out of sight—
 The squirrel returning seeks his store
 Yet fainter glows the golden light
 And soon the day forevermore
 Will cease to cast her gladness o'er
 And give way to the night.

ELIZABETH.

Down in the vale dwelt Elizabeth,
 She of the clear blue eyes ;
 That closed last night in the sleep of death,
 And her white soul sought the skies.

The roses wait for Elizabeth—
 They beckon across the gate,
 Breathing her name with odorous breath,
 They bloom in the sun and wait.

White are the hands of Elizabeth,
 Cold is her cheek of snow ;
 The winds blow chilly over the heath,
 And wail for her as they go.

Still is the heart of Elizabeth,
 The red of her lips is pale ;
 She has laid her earthly garments by
 And entered Heaven's veil.

THE SEA FAIRIES' SONG.

Sparkle and dash! sparkle and dash!

Waves on the glittering sands,
Murmur and splash! murmur and splash!

Sing to the listening lands,
Leap up with merriment tireless waves,
Tell of the splendor of ocean's deep caves,
Where the golden tressed mermaid her lithe form lav's
Sparkle and dash! murmur and splash.

Ripple and glide! ripple and glide!

'Neath the enchanted moon;
Silently ride, silently ride!

Morning will break too soon
Fling out the foam garlands whiter than snow,
Call up a breeze from the south sea to blow,
There are rich gems and treasures far, far below;
Ripple and glide! silently ride!

Rainbow hues gleam! rainbow hues gleam!

Fair ships in the harbors wait
Linger and dream! linger and dream!

Day dawn is at the gate
Flushed is the East like the heart of a shell
Blushing to flame by the sun's potent spell
High silver morning star, farewell! O! farewell!
Rainbow hues gleam! Linger and dream!

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

Love, I deemed thee dead and gone—
Silent thou, so cold and wan—

And I sighed ;
Tho' I thought my pain was done ;
And my heart its peace had won—
Hadst thou died.

Love, while standing near thy rest,
Stern I said, 'tis best, 'tis best !

Love, good bye !
Then I turned my steps away,
Dwelling on a vanished day,
Love, good bye.

Love is dead, I murmured low,
Come, my heart, 'tis time to go,
To forget—

Memory, haunt me not, I pray,
Must I dwell in yesterday
And regret ?

No, my heart, we two are free,
Nevermore in bonds to be—
Love is dead.

No more smiles and wayward tears,
Darling dreams and half-known fears—
These have fled

At my feet a blossom grew,
Minding me of eyes of blue ;
Tenderly
From its station in the grass,
Lest a careless foot should pass,
Quickly by.

And the dainty flower crush ;
 So I plucked it, and a hush
 Seemed to fall
 On my heart—a phantom fear—
 Back I looked upon love's bier,
 And his pall.

Love is dead—I shall not stay,
 Yet I would this blossom lay
 On his breast.
 So, I turned, with footsteps slow,
 Murmuring with voice full low,
 It is best !

I shall never know again
 Love's wild gladness, love's deep pain ;
 Ah, how still
 Love, thou liest evermore !
 Love, thy tender life is o'er ;
 What can fill

In my life thine empty place ?
 Then upon the quiet face
 Fell my tear,
 While my heart seemed full to break ;
 Love, O, love, 'tis for thy sake !
 Thou art dear !

Love, I thought thy life was done ;
 Love, I thought my freedom won ;
 But thine eyes
 Opened when mine own did weep,
 From thy death-like silent sleep,
 Thou didst rise.

Rose, and from that strange sweet day,
 I must ever near thee stay ;
 In my heart
 So established is thy reign
 Thou canst never—joy or pain—
 Ne'er depart.

AGATHA.

She saw the sun's departing way—
 His glowing footprints in the west—
 She watched a wild bird seek his nest—
 She saw the waves leap up in play.

She laid her white hand 'gainst her heart;
 The world is tranquil—all is rest.
 O aching heart within my breast!
 Shalt thou and sorrow never part?

She saw the children of the sky,
 In calm and shining splendor stand,
 And from a temple on the strand,
 The sweet eve vespers floated by.

And gazing on the distant stars;
 So far is joy from me; she said;
 She lowly bent her graceful head,
 My soul is caged by prison bars!

Two lovers wandered by the sea—
 A careless maid with laughing eyes,
 Who cost her lover many sighs,
 And mocked him with her witchery.

Agatha looked, and murmured low,
 God help me give him up to thee
 Sweet Sister; but how bitterly
 My heart rebels! she turned to go.

The dreamy gold forsook the west,
 And dark and somber as despair
 The night shook out her dusky hair;
 The song bird slumbered in his nest.

The melancholy moonbeams made,
 A path of silver down the night;
 One heart was heavy—two were light,
 Two felt the glory—one the shade.

The cloudless sky, a promise gave
 Of morning fair as day could dawn;
 To-morrow they will both be gone,
 And I, would I were in my grave.

She raised her lovely haunting eyes
 “God bless thee Sister! sweet Adele,
 I know thy pure heart loves him well
 But love like mine—it never dies.”

Agatha took her homeward way
 Across the meadow wet with dew;
 Alone, she walked the clover through
 “To-morrow is their wedding day.”

A SUMMER SCENE.

A thousand flowers bloom in light,
Where golden sunbeams fall;
And bird-songs full of clear delight
Resound from tree and wall.

The happy bluebird darts away,
Through groves of sun and shade;
And silver notes the wind sprites play,
Prolong the serenade.

Once biting east winds wandered through
Yon woodlands green and wide;
Skies were so gray, no gleam of blue
Found place there to abide.

O dreary day! or hours of pain!
Your memory is lost,
The sunlight showers like shining rain,
Where once dwelt winter's frost.

This summer scene of revelry,
Once lay a world of snow,
The Ice-king's voice was strong and free,
And bade the white drifts grow.

The morning hours were cold and dim;
Slow came the sun to shine;
Ice held the river brim to brim;
Snow sparkled on the pine.

But now, carnation's fragrant breath
 Melts on the balmy air.
 This is a world of life not death
 All things are gay and fair.

Green are the hills: no white flakes fall
 To garb the plains in snow;
 But earth, and air and sky—yes all
 Are dipped in golden glow.

OLIVIA.

O, palely-sweet pathetic face,
 My brightest thoughts are all of thee,
 My dearest dreams to thee I trace—
 Dreams full of magic melody.

Love's precious gem is mine to wear,
 No past or present troubles me.
 But in the future—thou art there
 A lovely land of love I see.

O, thoughtful eyes, so sad and deep,
 So pitiful, so saintly wise ;
 Thou weepest with the ones who weep—
 A soul dwells sinless in those eyes.

O, palely sweet pathetic face ;
 White rose love delicate and pure,
 With womanhood's right royal grace
 'Tis thine to comfort and endure.

O, lily by life's thorny way ;
 Erect and spotless, true and calm ;
 If storms or sunbeams crown the day,
 Thy lips speak peace's perfect balm.

THE COMING OF THE FLOWERS.

When April's tearful moods are o'er,
 And May, with birds and melody
 Tells earth her tale of flower-lore,
 And gladly smiles on land and sea.

Up, where the silver beads of dew
 Lie gem like, in the meadow grass,
 From verdant depths, the buds peep through
 Green lattices, at those who pass.

The border of the little stream
 A wealth of dewy violets yields;
 With touch as subtle as a dream,
 Spring writes her poem on the fields.

And when the days of cloud are done,
 No showers fall, but blossoms rise,
 And stand like spirits—in the sun—
 Of beauty, unto watching eyes.

Thus, in the heart the hour of pain
 And deepest sorrow, often brings—
 Tho' tears have fallen like the rain—
 A harvest rich in nobler things.

LOOKING FOR FAIRIES.

Over the hill and down the meadow,
Where daisies and buttercups grow together,
Go three, little maids, as merry and gay
As the fair, sunshiny weather.

Its Elsie, and Edith, and blue-eyed Ray,
And their hearts are as light as their tiny feet ;
The mother thinks, as she stands in the door,
That her darlings are very sweet.

Oh, where are you going, dears, all alone?
O, where are you going, wandering so far?
Three voices float back on the summer air,
“To find where the wee fairies are !”

They search in the heart of the pink, wild rose,
Then they peer o'er the buttercup's yellow rim,
For Elsie is sure that the fields are full
Of small fairies—“quite to the brim.”

But Edith, the wise, with her deep brown eyes,
Begins with a nod, “I should think the fair queen,
Would rather live in the cool, shady woods,
Where the trees are so tall and green.”

They looked in the meadow and through the wood,
And wherever the elves were supposed to be ;
Three poor little disappointed maids,
Never a fairy could they see.

At last they turned homeward; said Ray, “I guess
That the fairies have gone a visit to pay
To Little Bo Peep, or Red Riding Hood,
And they all will be back some day.”

Then to mother they ran, to tell her how
 With their light gauzy wings, all the sprites had flown.
 Mother smiled as she kissed each rosy mouth,
 "Here are three fairies of my own."

ICECREAM-LAND.

The summer hours are long and warm,
 It rains and we have many a storm;
 It's time that we should go away,
 And take a pleasant holiday,
 Shall we seek Icecream-land.

To Icecream-land! when we return,
 We'll make all hearts with envy burn;
 When carelessly we tell the story,
 Of days spent in the territory,
 Of pleasant Icecream-land.

We'll sail upon a lake of cream,
 The days will float by like a dream;
 Strawberry, chocolate, or peach,
 Will form the sweet and fragrant beach;
 Of fairy Icecream-land.

To Icecream-land! to Icecream-land!
 The waves of cream break on its strand,
 All maple sugar are the trees;
 Vanilla laden is the breeze,
 In cool Icecream-land.

THOUGHTS ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

When war's dark shadow falls across a land where peace lately sat enthroned, contentment soon gives place to consternation. Mountains and valleys, sending back strange voices in echoing answer to the thunder of artillery, lose their pastoral serenity; while summer often becomes a season of anxiety—winter of desolation.

To each individual member of the great brotherhood of a nation, its past history, present state, and future prosperity must necessarily be of profound interest; and as one ascending a mountain path turns in the way to contemplate the wide panorama spread far beneath him, we, standing just without the portals of another century, look back upon the now distant days of the Revolution. Days that no mist of years can veil, replete with living scenes and deeds as burning as when first they broke upon the gaze of nations.

A noble deed is an inextinguishable star set in the firmament of human existence, breaking the surrounding darkness by its dazzling rays, and investing with a halo the meanest hovel, the lowliest heart, by reason of its very association. What is Marathon but a name? the deeds enacted on its famous soil made it a watch-word of heroism.

What happened at Thermopylae made the name a living sound. A noble deed is a gleam of rainbow light, which, shining across the imperfections of humanity, lends it the radiance of immortality. Nation after nation has risen to prominence, each with its great achievements and greater names; but Americans have little need to scan ancient glories or modern triumphs, for in the glowing pages of the story of the Revolution, we find unrivaled greatness, noble patriotism, and deeds unsurpassed in the long strange annals of time.

Children of oppression left the tyranny of the old world for the liberty of the new, that thought, religion, and life itself, might in freedom, like a blossom in the sun, attain perfection and beauty. Then came hardships, trials, successes and changes, until thirteen *English* colonies bordered the Atlantic. The English heart in America beat for the distant English home; but, in her attempts to make the industry and energy of these loyal subjects across the sea, her selfish gain, England effected a breach which time but widened, until no cable of diplomacy or legislation was able to bridge the chasm. Should they, whose fathers had faced the dangers of the

ocean and of an unknown land relinquish what had been so dearly bought to the demands of a legislation, far removed by interest, association, and even the habits of every day life?

A momentous question, and the Revolution was its decisive answer.

The tide of human affairs like a mighty river, changes its course imperceptibly, and borne onward with its waves, we fail to note many of the things which lead to some great event, that presently challenges the attention of the civilized world. The alienation strengthened year after year, from one minor event to another, until Lexington awoke New England into one; the beginning of the hopes and fears, victories and defeats of those eight weary years. Wherever it dwelt, the spirit of liberty rose to face the conflict. As a hand it touched the heartstrings of the people, causing them to reverberate in unison. Twenty thousand men were soon in arms around Boston. New England gave her sons—from New Hampshire to Georgia—from the bay-washed shores of our own Maryland, the patriots came. Private aims and ambitions melted beneath the fire of patriotism; yet there *were* those who right or wrong clung to the king. So began the Revolution, and in July, 1776, after the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, the battle of Bunker Hill, the siege of Boston, followed by its evacuation, the invasion of Canada and attack on Charleston; came its Rubicon—The Declaration of Independence. While Congress was in session in Philadelphia, the streets were thronged with people waiting in almost painful anxiety to learn its decision; and when the voice of the famous Liberty Bell “proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof,” joy was unbounded. In Independence Hall, this, one of the most concise, political and important documents that hand and brain of man ever framed, was signed.

The great struggle went on, with here the darkness of defeat, there the brightness of victory. Battle succeeded battle, campaign followed campaign, until the siege of Yorktown in 1781, which skillfully conducted, ended in brilliant victory.

Each year introduces new actors on the great stage of time, while the whole world, an eager audience, watches the progress of the drama, knowing nothing of what shall follow, only what has been, and the latter is history. Mere reference to those stirring times brings to mind the name of Washington; he who hoped when

others despaired, inspired confidence, and did wonders with little means. Opportunity, like a falling star, only once flashes its brightness across our horizon. Washington realized his opportunities, and made the most of them. Few great generals have had such obstacles with which to contend. With disciplined, organized, well-fed armies, little seems left to do but succeed. The Continental Army was well acquainted with hunger and want, and was often both ragged and footsore; while union, that most necessary element was at first sadly lacking. Disease and death showed their gaunt faces. How often those fair, faint pilgrims of the sky—the stars, looked down on quiet forms whose weary marches were forever done.

Valley Forge is as pathetic a record as was ever registered on the scroll of history.

Character, the development of which is as imperceptible as the opening of a flower, once formed, is a power for right or wrong, and the dignity that distinguished the Washington of the Revolution, is inseparable from his memory.

He who refused a crown *is* crowned with a coronet of everlasting fame, sparkling with the jewels of his own nobility and unselfish patriotism.

General Greene, whose campaign in the Carolinas proved his military genius, ranks next; but other names shine with no borrowed luster those of Marion, Morgan, Wayne, Knox, Howard, Williams, Henry Lee, and many more. Long gone from the scenes and events of the loved land, their memory is its precious possession forever. When shall La Fayette, De Kalb, Steuben, Pulaski and Kosciusko be resigned to oblivion? The years with time's potent changes have removed the traces of the conflict; summer's emerald garlanding and winter's spotless snow alternately cover the places where brave men fell; but their sacred memory is, as their heroic devotion to country and honor, imperishable.

A hundred swift-winged, circling years
And more, have taken rapid flight
Since on a noon of peace, the night
Of war fell, bringing doubts and fears.

Since on the land, like ominous foe,
A shadow rested, dark and dim;
And sad as some funeral hymn,—
The voice of Liberty was low.

O, new-found, flow'ring land ! thy sons
 Rose in the mighty strength of right,
 To lift from name and home a blight,
 And fearless faced the cruel guns.

Around their memory unsought fame
 Well-won and fadeless e'er shall rest ;
 For such is honor's high bequest,
 To great in heart and pure in name.

To them it is due that America is the synonym of freedom. One shore of our favored land hears the deep anthems of the wild Atlantic ; the voice of the vast Pacific speaks to the west.

May its history ever be as a majestic table of stone, inscribed with the divine law of liberty. Retrospection is generally interesting. Years, like lights and shades to a landscape, bring some points into bold relief, and soften others.

Reviewing this thrilling epoch of our nation's history, we note its characteristics, and now, when our cruisers and battleships are known the world over, wonder at the triumphs of what then seemed scarcely to merit the title of navy.

A theme for poet and novelist, and an inspiration to the artist, the War of Independence is a subject so deep as to be almost inexhaustible. The heroism of both its men and women was of the highest order.

What sorrow followed defeat ; what delight victory !

The days at Valley Forge were indeed dark ones : and when on the 19th of October, 1781, the surrender of Cornwallis virtually put an end to the war, tears were shed, but they were those of joy.

Over seven thousand British soldiers that day laid down their arms ; and before the defeated enemy appeared upon the field, Washington, with the generosity of a noble nature, took measures to avoid wounding feelings already smarting beneath the blow of defeat. "My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe. When they lay down their arms, don't huzzah. Posterity will huzzah for you," are said to have been his very words.

The errors of the Revolutionary War have been weighed ; its glories contemplated ; it remains a clear demonstration of the sublime declaration, that "all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

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